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THE ILIAD OF HOMER

BOOKS I — IV



TRANSLATED INTO  
ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE

—  
H. SMITH WRIGHT

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—

The Reed.

R. W. Burn -

With the Translator's kind regards  
and in memory of old Cambridge day

Park Hill - Sudbury.

New Forest.

28 March 1885.



THE  
ILIAD OF HOMER;  
BOOKS I—IV.

TRANSLATED INTO  
*ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE.*

BY  
HENRY SMITH WRIGHT, B.A.,  
LATE SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & Co.  
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1885.

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TO HIS HONOURED FRIEND,

THE RIGHT REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER,  
LORD BISHOP OF DERRY AND RAPHOE,

AS A SLIGHT TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS  
CHARACTER, ELOQUENCE, AND HIGH POETIC GIFTS ;

AND ALSO

IN SINCERE GRATITUDE FOR THE KIND AND ENCOURAGING INTEREST  
HIS LORDSHIP HAS TAKEN IN THIS ATTEMPT TO DO JUSTICE  
TO THE POET HE LOVES SO WELL ;

THIS TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST PORTION OF THE ILIAD  
IS DEDICATED.



NOTTINGHAM :

JAMES BELL, PRINTER, CARLTON STREET.

## P R E F A C E .

NUMEROUS as have been the attempts to reproduce the Iliad of Homer in English verse, and in almost every variety of metre, including many excellent renderings in blank verse,—one of them being by the present translator's father, the late Mr. Ichabod Charles Wright,—it may probably be assumed that there has been no version of the poem in *hexameters* (the metre of the original Greek) which has commanded much success. At the same time, it has long been the opinion of many distinguished scholars and lovers of Homer, that the metre of the original is the only one whereby it is possible to give anything approaching to a true representation, in English, of the glorious swing and musical rhythm of the Greek Iliad. Amongst those holding this view may be specially mentioned Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, when Professor of Poetry at Oxford, in 1861, strongly insisted on it in his "Three Lectures on Translating Homer," followed in 1862 by his "Last Words on Translating Homer" (Longman & Co.), and the present translator has the authority of this distinguished scholar and poet, for saying that his opinion remains entirely unaltered.

If, then, the Hexameter Metre is the right one to adopt, the question may be naturally asked, Why it is that so little success has attended any of the several versions where it has been used ?

The author of the present attempt would humbly suggest, in reply, that their want of success is mainly due to the fact that a large proportion of the lines that have been written in English, and called "hexameters"—not only by translators of Homer, but by other writers and poets as well—are not really hexameters at all ; *i.e.* they cannot be read as such except by putting a totally wrong and false emphasis on many of the syllables forming the lines.

Now, since *accentuation of syllables* is the only possible equivalent in English for what is called "quantity" in Greek or Latin, it follows that any unnatural *wresting* or *straining* of the accentuation must necessarily destroy the music and rhythm of the metre, just as "false quantities" would do in Greek or Latin verse, and thus render its sound displeasing, rugged and harsh.

The temptation to fall into this error in *English*, where the accentuation is entirely a matter of "ear," and dependent to a great extent on the exact sense intended, is no doubt very great, and especially so in a translation, where the meaning of the original *must* be faithfully given.

It would frequently be easy to write a line that will scan well enough to the mental ear of its producer, (*if he allows himself to smuggle in a slight variation from the correct and natural emphasis of the syllables*), but which, when a stranger comes to read it, will necessarily cause a grievous stumble. To give one instance out of hundreds that could be quoted: the word *too* can never possibly be anything but a *long* syllable; yet there is a line in one of the Hexameter versions of the *Iliad* which commences thus: "Subjects too base to resent," the unfortunate little word being made to do duty as the final *short* syllable of a dactyl, whereby it loses every particle of its meaning.

Another point of great importance in Hexameters, in whatever language they may be written, is the infinite capacity for *variety* which this metre possesses; and the failure to attend to this point has resulted, in many cases, in the metre being considered "monotonous" and "jingling,"—the latter fault being due to the too free use of dactyls, without a proper admixture of spondees to give dignity to the line.

The "cæsura" is also as essential in English as in the classical languages.

"Spondaïc" lines (*i.e.* lines where a spondee occurs in the fifth foot instead of the usual dactyl) have been used occasionally in this translation, but very sparingly; in fact their occurrence, on the average of the four Books, will hardly be found to be as frequent as in the Greek.

In mentioning the above points, the translator's object is to shew what he has *aimed at*: whether or no he has in any degree succeeded in overcoming the difficulties of the task, he must leave to be decided by those who may honour his attempt with a perusal.

It only remains to refer to a few matters of detail belonging to the execution of the work.

1. The names of the old Greek divinities have of course been retained in their Greek form, and not Latinized. Not only did Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athenè, Aphroditè, &c., widely differ, in many of their attributes and

legends, from their Roman representatives Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Venus, &c., but there is surely something in a *name*, and when gods and goddesses have got good names of their own, why change them for others which in most cases are far less euphonious?

2. The three principal races comprised in the host led by Agamemnon to Troy being *Danaans*, *Argives*, and *Achaians*, Homer seems to use any one of the three terms, as may best suit his metre from time to time, in order to express the *whole* army as distinguished from their Trojan foe.

The translator has therefore taken the liberty of interchanging these terms *occasionally*, when it suited his metre in English to do so, but only in cases where the above *general* meaning is intended.

3. The English letter C has been retained as properly representing the Greek K, *e.g.* Κρονίων=*Cronion*, especially as the Greek χ (ch) is pronounced in English precisely like the English K, *e.g.* Χείρων=*Cheiron*. The diphthong αι (ai), when forming the Greek plural termination, is represented in this translation by *a*, as in *Mycenæ*; otherwise the ai is retained as in *Achaians*, except in a few cases of well-known Latinized names, such as *Ægina*, *Platæa*, &c.

οι (oi) is represented by *e*, *e.g.* Εὐβοία=*Eubœa*, and ου (ou) naturally becomes *u* in English, *e.g.* Ὀπoύς=*Opus*.

The termination ος forming, as it does, the nominative case of so many names both of *men* and *places* (including cities, rivers and mountains and islands), would be repeated *ad nauseam* if universally adopted in English. [This is not so in the Greek, because each case other than the nominative has a different termination.]

To obviate this constant repetition, the translator has adopted the arbitrary plan of rendering ος by *us* where it occurs in the proper names of *men*, *e.g.* Μενελάϊς, whilst retaining the former termination in the case of *places*, &c.

ος is also retained in the name of the god "*Hephaistos*" as sounding better and more dignified than "*Hephaistus*."

The termination ως is always represented by *os*, *e.g.* Πηνειός.

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It may be well to remind English readers that the diphthong *eu* (eu) is always to be pronounced as *one* syllable, *e.g.* *Zeus, Atreus*, as it is in the Greek, and as it is in English words formed from the Greek such as *euphemism*, and the same remark applies to *ei* (ei) as in "*Atreides*."

The quantity of syllables (*i.e.* long  $\bar{\quad}$ , or short  $\acute{\quad}$ ), is very rarely marked, as the metre itself should show it except in the cases of very few proper names.

4. The text used is that of Bekker, 1843, as given in the Oxford Pocket Classics edition of Messrs. Parker & Co. A few of the lines which are there included in brackets, as being interpolations, are omitted in this translation; but in such cases the omission is always referred to in a foot-note, and its sense given.

5. The lines, in the translation, are numbered according to the numbering of the Greek lines they represent, so that a comparison with the original may be made at any point of the translation, without the least difficulty.

In conclusion, the translator wishes to acknowledge the great assistance he has derived from Mr. Paley's excellent edition of the Greek text, with its scholarly notes; and also to state that he is indebted to the Bishop of Derry for the rendering adopted of the epithet *ἀτρύγετος* as applied to the sea, *viz.* "harvestless."

H.S.W.

March, 1885.



### ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

THE scene is the camp of the Achaians (also called by Homer "*Argives*" and "*Danaans*"), hard by their ships, which are drawn up on the sea-shore near to the plain of Troy, where they have been now for nine years engaged in the siege of the city.

A pestilence is raging amongst them, the cause of which is unknown until, on the tenth day since its commencement, the seer Calchas is consulted, by the advice of Achilles. He explains that the plague is sent by Apollo, because the king Agamemnon had dishonoured the priest Chryses, by retaining his daughter Chryseis as his prize, she having been recently captured during a raid.

This leads to a fierce quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, the result of which is the seizure by the king of Achilles' prize, Briseis, whilst Chryseis is restored to her father.

Then Achilles withdraws from the war to his own tents, and prays to his mother Thetis, who comes to him from her home in the sea, and promises to influence Zeus to aid the Trojans. She accordingly visits Zeus, and obtains his promise. Then follows a quarrel between Zeus and his spouse, the goddess Hera, (who is a strong partisan of the Achaians, and hates the Trojans), which however is made up by the help of Hephaistos, and the gods retire to rest for the night in the halls of Olympus.

# ILIAD.

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## BOOK I.

WRATH be thy song, O goddess, the baneful wrath of Achilles,  
Peleus' son, which brought the Achaians numberless sorrows ;  
Hurling the valiant souls of heroes many to Hades,  
Whilst their bodies were left for a prey unto dogs, and the wingèd  
Fowls of the air. Yet thus the will of Zeus was advancing, 5  
E'en from the hour when first, contending fiercely, in anger  
Parted Atreides, king of men, and god-like Achilles.

Which of the gods engaged these twain in angry contention ?  
Even the son of Zeus and of Leto. Wroth with Atreides,  
Raised he an evil plague in the camp, and the people were dying, 10  
For the dishonour shown unto Chryses, priest of Apollo.  
He to the ships had come, to the swift Achaian galleys,  
Bringing unvalued gifts, his captive daughter to ransom,  
Whilst in his hand he held far-darting Apollo's chaplet,  
Twined on a golden sceptre ; and much he besought the Achaians 15  
All, but most the Atreidæ, the leaders twain of the people :

“Hear me, ye sons of Atreus, and ye well-greavèd Achaians ;  
Now may the gods that dwell in Olympus grant you to plunder  
Priam's city, and home to return with prosperous voyage,  
So ye release my well-loved child, and accept her ransom, 20  
Thus revering the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo.”

Then one shout of acclaim uprose from the hosts of Achaia,  
Fain to respect the priest, and accept the glorious ransom ;  
Only was Atreus' son, Agamemnon, vexed in his spirit.  
Scornfully he dismissed him, and added a pitiless mandate : 25

“Old man, let me not find thee beside our hollow vessels  
Loitering now, or returning again, lest nought shall avail thee  
Sceptre and wreath of the god. The maid will I never surrender :  
Sooner shall age o'ertake her in Argos, far from her country, 30



Plying the loom in our halls, and the couch at my pleasure attending.

Anger me not, but begone—as thou thy safety regardest !”

Spake he : the old man trembled, and gave good heed to the mandate.

Silent he went by the shore where boomed the billows of ocean ;

Then, from the ships apart, he earnestly prayed to Apollo, 35

Bright-haired Leto’s son : “O King, who fondly protectest

Chrysa and holy Cilla, and Tenedos mightily rulest ;

Thou of the silver bow, Smintheus, O hear me ! If ever

I unto thee did build a beauteous temple, or ever

Burn’d rich meat from the thighs of bulls and goats on thy altar, 40

This one wish of my heart vouchsafe e’en now to accomplish :

May thine arrows avenge my tears on the Danaan people !”

Such was his prayer, nor was it unheard by Phœbus Apollo.

Down from the peaks of Olympus he came, incensèd in spirit,

And, as he moved in wrath,—his bow and his well-closed quiver 45

Slung from his mighty shoulders,—the arrows rattled behind him.

Like unto night he moved ; then sate where distant beneath him

Lay the Achaian ships, and loosed a shaft from the bow-string :

Dire was the twang that now from the bow of silver resounded.

First, swift dogs and mules he assailed ; but soon at the people 50

Aimed he a pointed shaft, nor ceased from smiting ; and ever,

Crowded together thickly, the pyres their dead were consuming.

So nine days on the camp fast fell the darts of Apollo ;

But, when the tenth day dawned, Achilles unto a council

Summoned the people, moved by the goddess, white-armed Hera, 55

Who for the Danaans grieved that thus she saw them a-dying.

Then, when the hosts were gathered, and all in council assembled,

Straightway arose, and amidst them spake swift-footed Achilles :

“Homeward, Atreides, now with our shattered forces, it seemeth,

Must we return, if haply we yet may escape from destruction, 60

Seeing that war and plague are leagued to subdue the Achaians.

Yet let enquiry first be made of priest or diviner,

Or of a dream-expounder,—for Zeus sends dreams unto mortals,—

Who shall declare the cause that hath angered Phœbus Apollo ;

Whether a hecatomb due, or neglected vow he resenteth : 65

Haply, with savour of lambs and full-grown goats, on his altar

Burnt, he will be entreated, and stay the plague from the people.”

Thus did Achilles speak, then sate him down ; and before them

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Calchas, the son of Thestor, arose, the chiefest of augurs,  
 Skilled all things to divine, that are, that were, and that will be. 70  
 He the Achaian ships had erst unto Ilios guided,  
 E'en by his power prophetic, the gift of Phœbus Apollo.  
 Now, with kindly intent, he spake, and harangued the assembly :

“Chieftain beloved of Zeus, thou bidd'st me speak, O Achilles,  
 So to declare the wrath of the king, far-darting Apollo ; 75  
 Therefore I will declare it ; but thou, with solemn engagement,  
 Swear thou wilt stand in word and deed my ready defender :  
 For, of a truth, I deem my speech will kindle to anger  
 One who mightily rules o'er all the race of the Argives,  
 Whilst the Achaians own his sway. If monarch be angered, 80  
 Ill doth his subject fare ; for, though his wrath he may stifle  
 That same day, nathless in his heart he nurseth resentment  
 Till he hath found revenge. Judge then if thou wilt protect me.”

Then unto him made answer and spake swift-footed Achilles :

“Take good heart, and reveal whate'er the oracle bids thee : 85  
 For, by Apollo, beloved of Zeus,—whose aid thou invokest  
 When it is thine, O Calchas, to tell some sign to the people,—  
 Never a man there is, 'midst all the Danaan armies  
 Here by the hollow ships, that with ruthless hand shall assail thee  
 Whilst I live, and on earth the sun's fair light am beholding ;  
 Nay, though e'en Agamemnon should be the chieftain thou namest, 90  
 He that of all the Achaians himself the mightiest vaunteth.”

Then did the blameless seer take heart and uttered his mission :

“'Tis not a hecatomb due, or a vow, that Apollo resenteth ;  
 But, that his priest hath suffered despite at the hands of Atreides,  
 In that he set not free his child, her ransom refusing. 95  
 Therefore the Far-off-darter hath sent us grievous afflictions ;  
 Yea, and he still will send them. The noisome plague from the Argives  
 Never will he remove, till first the bright-eyed maiden  
 Be to her sire restored, no price or ransom demanded,  
 And unto Chrysa's walls a sacred hecatomb taken :  
 Then may he be entreated for us, and stay his resentment.” 100

Spake he, and sate him down. Then rose the chieftain Atreides,  
 Monarch of wide domain, Agamemnon, mightily wrathful.  
 There as he stood his breast heaved black with swelling emotion :  
 Like unto living fire were his eyes, as he turned upon Calchas

First, with a scowling glance, and spake : "Thou prophet of evil, 105  
 Ne'er hast thou served my ends ! In thy heart thou alway delightest  
 Ill to divine, nor good hast ever foretold or accomplished.  
 Now 'mid the Danaan host, in prophetic guise, thou declarest  
 This is the cause that the Far-off-darter sends them afflictions, 110  
 Even that I refused to accept the glorious ransom  
 Brought for the maid Chryseis, desiring greatly to take her  
 Home to my halls ; for in truth I prefer her to Clytemnestra,  
 Even my wedded wife, since she nor in form, nor in feature,  
 Neither in mind nor in skilful works, surpasseth the maiden. 115  
 Yet will I give her back, if so 'tis best, that the people  
 Rescue from death may find : but look ye to it, and quickly  
 Get ye a prize for me, lest I alone of the Argives  
 Lose my share of the spoil ; for that in sooth were unseemly,  
 Since, as ye all behold, my prize elsewhere is devoted." 120

Answered and spake the god-like chief, swift-footed Achilles :  
 "O most highly renowned, but most rapacious of mortals,  
 Say, O Atreides, how shall the high-souled men of Achaia  
 Give unto thee a prize ? We know not of treasure abundant  
 Stored for the common use ; but the spoils from towns we have taken 125  
 All have divided been, and it were not seemly to ask them  
 Back from the people again. But thou this damsel surrender  
 Now, at the god's behest ; so threefold we, the Achaians,  
 Yea fourfold, will requite thee, if e'er Zeus grant us to capture  
 Troy with its goodly walls, and Troy's fair city to pillage."

Then unto him made answer and spake the prince Agamemnon : 130  
 "Think not cunningly thus to deceive me, god-like Achilles,  
 Good as thou art, since neither wilt thou o'er-reach, nor persuade me.  
 Art thou minded to keep thy prize, whilst I in contentment  
 Rest me despoiled of mine, that the maid thou bidd'st me surrender ?  
 Still, if a worthy prize the high-souled men of Achaia 135  
 Choose to bestow,—e'en such as to me seems equal in value,—  
 Then be it so : but if they refuse a prize to adjudge me,  
 Straightway will I make choice for myself, and seize on a damsel,  
 Thine perchance, or the prize of Ajax or of Odysseus :  
 Her will I lead away, and wroth shall be he whom I visit !  
 Howbeit further of this will we consider hereafter. 140  
 Now let us haste to launch a dark-hulled ship on the ocean,

Gather a crew of rowers, and then on board her an offering  
 Place we, and thus embark fair-cheeked Chryseis. And be there  
 One to command the ship, some chieftain famed in the council,  
 Ajax, Idomeneus, or be it god-like Odysseus, 145  
 Or thyself, Peleides, O thou most wondrous of mortals :  
 So with an offering may'st thou appease the Far-off-worker."  
 Scowling upon him, then outspake swift-footed Achilles :  
 "O, with shamelessness clothed, and to sordid cunning devoted !  
 How shall a man be found henceforth, in the hosts of Achaia, 150  
 Willingly thy commands to obey,—to go on a forage  
 Whether it be, or be it to join in battle with foemen ?  
 Not for a private feud of mine, with the warrior Trojans  
 Came I hither to fight, for in no wise me have they injured.  
 Never did they drive off my beeves, nor ever my horses ;  
 Nor have they ever ravaged my crops in deep-soil'd Phthia, 155  
 Nurse of heroic men, since many a shadowy mountain  
 Rearth his crest between us, and ocean's billows are roaring.  
 No, most shameless of men, dog-visaged ! For thine own pleasure  
 Followed we in thy train, to seek redress from the Trojans,  
 Yea, to avenge Menelaüs' wrongs and thine. Yet care'st thou  
 Nought, nor regardest this : nay e'en my prize dost thou threaten 160  
 Straightway thyself to seize, of toils unnumbered the guerdon,  
 Granted to me by the sons of Achaia. Albeit, whenever  
 Plundered by us hath been some thriving town of the Trojans,  
 Never an equal prize with thine unto me is allotted,  
 Though upon my hands falleth the brunt of laborious warfare. 165  
 Yet when spoils are divided, a prize far greater is ever  
 Given to thee, whilst I, all weary with war, to my galleys  
 Get me, with some small prize, but dear nathless. Unto Phthia  
 Now will I go, since better by far it were with my beakèd  
 Ships to return ; nor deem I that thou, unhonoured remaining<sup>1</sup> 170  
 Here, wilt acquire henceforth rich spoils of goods or of treasure."  
 Then unto him made answer the king of men, Agamemnon :  
 "Hasten thy flight and begone, since thus thy spirit impels thee ;

1. 170. Reading *ἄρμον ἐόντ'* with Schol. Ven. The meaning of the more usual reading *ἄρμος ἐόν* seems to be quite inconsistent with what follows in lines 174 and 175, besides involving the very unusual elision of *σοί* (*σ' ὄλω*) at the end of the preceding line.

Neither do I entreat thee for my sake longer to tarry :  
 Others there are will not refuse due honour to pay me,  
 Foremost among them Zeus, great counsellor. Thou most hateful 175  
 Art unto me of kings Zeus-nurtured, seeing that discord  
 Ever is dear to thy soul, and dear are battles and warfare.  
 If thou art wondrous strong, from a god thy strength thou receivedst.  
 Go with thy ships and men, and o'er thy Myrmidons lord it ! 180  
 I care nothing for thee, nor reck I aught of thy anger ;  
 Still will I make unto thee this threat : since Phœbus Apollo  
 Taketh from me Chryseis, in mine own ship will I send her,  
 Manned with mine own retainers ; and I myself will betake me  
 Unto the tent, and seize thy prize, fair-cheeked Briseis ; 185  
 So shalt thou learn how far o'er thine my puissance prevaileth,  
 Nor shall another boast him my peer in speech or in action."

Such were his words, and stung with resentful grief was Achilles.  
 Under his shaggy breast his heart two ways was divided,  
 Whether to draw from his thigh the keen-edged falchion, and rushing 190  
 Through the surrounding guards, forthwith to slay Agamemnon ;  
 Or, to subdue his anger, and curb the rage of his spirit.  
 Whilst he was pondering thus, in mind and spirit debating,  
 And from its sheath was drawing the huge sword,—came there Athenè  
 Earthward from heaven, sent by the goddess, white-armed Hera, 195  
 Since in her heart she loved them both with an equal affection.  
 Standing behind, she seized by his golden tresses Peleides,  
 Visible only to him, whilst all unseen of the others.  
 Marvelled Achilles : then he turned, and Pallas Athenè  
 Straightway to him was known, and her eyes gleamed terribly on him. 200  
 Then did he speak aloud, as in winged words he addressed her :

"Why art thou come, O daughter of Zeus, the lord of the ægis ?  
 Is it that thou may'st witness the ruthless acts of Atreides ?  
 Yet will I this declare, as of no uncertain fulfilment,  
 Through his o'erweening pride erelong his life shall he forfeit." 205

Then unto him made answer the bright-eyed goddess, Athenè :  
 "Earthward from heaven I came with intent to stay thy resentment,  
 If thou wilt hearken,—sent by the goddess, white-armed Hera,  
 Seeing she loves you both in her heart with an equal affection.  
 Cease, I pray thee, from strife, nor draw thy sword from its scabbard ; 210  
 Yet, as indeed is meet, spare not with words to upbraid him :

Aye, and I pledge thee this, as of no uncertain fulfilment,  
 Gifts one day shall be thine, for this despite that is done thee,  
 Costly, and threefold more ; then stay thy hand and obey us."

Then unto her made answer and spake swift-footed Achilles : 215  
 "Goddess, whate'er ye twain command must needs be regarded,  
 Yea, though angry at heart one be ; for thus it beseemeth ;  
 Whoso obeys the gods, unto him they readily hearken."

Spake he, and placing his ponderous hand on the hilt of silver,  
 Back to its scabbard thrust his falchion huge, to Athenè 220  
 Yielding obedience prompt : and she e'en now was departed  
 Back to the gods of Olympus, the home of the lord of the ægis.

Then Peleides again, with words of savage resentment,  
 Turned upon Atreus' son, nor yet would cease from his anger :  
 "Drunkard, with look of a dog, but heart of a deer, thou never 225  
 Darest to don thine arms, and go with the people to battle,  
 Nor to an ambushade, with the choicest men of Achaia.

This were as death unto thee : far better, amidst the encampment  
 Roaming at large, to seize his prize who chance to oppose thee ! 230  
 People-devouring king ! a race of men dost thou govern  
 Surely, who are not men : else now, O scion of Atreus,  
 This were the very last of all thy arrogant doings.

Yet will I tell thee this, with a mighty oath to confirm it :  
 Verily by this sceptre, that ne'er, since first in the mountains  
 Lopped from its stem, shall again put forth or leaves or branches, 235  
 Nor shall renew its growth ; for the axe hath stripped from around it  
 Foliage alike and bark ; and now the sons of Achaia,  
 Even our judges wield it, the laws from heaven upholding,—  
 Therefore a mighty oath will it be,—regret for Achilles  
 One day surely shall come upon all the sons of Achaia. 240

Then, though grieved in thy heart, thou shalt not be able to help them,  
 Whilst they are falling fast by the hands of the man-slaying Hector :  
 Inwardly thou shalt rack thy soul with angry reproaches,  
 For that thou did'st despite to the best of all the Achaians."

Such were Peleides' words as he dashed to the earth the sceptre, 245  
 Studded with golden nails, and sate him down. But Atreides  
 Raged on the other side. Then up rose Nestor amidst them,  
 Orator sweet of speech, clear-toned, 'mid the Pylians famous ;  
 He from whose eloquent tongue the voice flowed sweeter than honey.

Two generations of men, speech-gifted, had passed from amongst them, 250  
 Men who were reared with him long since, and in sacred Pylos  
 With him had dwelt of yore ; and now the third he was ruling.  
 He with kindly intent thus spake, and harangued the assembly :

“Ah me, mighty the grief that falls on the land of Achaia !  
 Verily, now will Priam and Priam’s sons be exultant, 255  
 Aye, and the Trojans all in their hearts will mightily triumph,  
 If they shall hear the tidings of you, twain leaders, contending ;  
 You, of the Danaan host who are first in council and battle.  
 Rather obey me, seeing ye both in years are the younger ;  
 I, in my time, have mixed with men more puissant in battle 260  
 Even than you, and never did they make light of my counsel.  
 Never in truth have I seen such men, nor e’er shall behold them ;  
 Peirithoüs and Dryas, the people’s shepherd, and Caineus,  
 Exadius, and he, fit match for the gods, Polyphemus :<sup>2</sup> 264  
 Strongest of men were these on earth that ever were nurtured ;  
 Strongest they were, and with the strongest joined they in combat,  
 E’en with the mountain Centaurs, and terribly did they destroy them.  
 Yet played I my part with these, and journeyed from Pylos,  
 Far, from a distant land, since they had summoned me thither ; 270  
 Yea, and I took my share in the fight, and—suth were our foemen—  
 Nowadays none of the dwellers on earth could meet them in battle.  
 Yet unto me they gave good heed, and followed my counsel :  
 Therefore do ye, too, hearken, for best it were to obey me.  
 Seize not the maiden, thou, albeit in might thou excellest ; 275  
 Let her remain his prize on whom the Achaians bestowed her :  
 Neither do thou, Peleides, engage with the king in contention,  
 Seeing that sceptred monarch, by Zeus unto glory exalted,  
 Ever possesses honour in larger share. Though mighty,  
 Born of a goddess-mother, thou art, yet he is the stronger 280  
 In that his sway is widest. Refrain thy spirit, Atreides ;  
 Nay, it is I that entreat thee to bate thy wrath ; for Achilles  
 Standeth a tower of strength to the host in perilous warfare.”

Then unto him made answer and spake the prince Agamemnon : 285

2. 264. Here follows in the Greek text a line which is clearly an interpolation, and is omitted from this translation :

Anglicè—“*And Theseus, son of Aegeus, like unto the immortals.*”

"Verily, aged chief, thy words are just and becoming ;  
 But there is here a man who claims o'er all to be master ;  
 All doth he claim to rule, o'er all as a king would he lord it,  
 All direct at his will : not all, I ween, will obey him.  
 If the eternal gods have made him famous in battle, 290  
 Do they for this ordain him the foremost in arrogant speeches ?"

Then, interrupting, spake in reply the god-like Achilles :  
 "Truly a coward, yea and worthless, men will pronounce me  
 If I shall yield unto thee, whate'er thou choosest to order :  
 Give thy commands to others ; to me no longer address them.<sup>3</sup> 295  
 Yet this more will I say, and do thou give heed to my warning :  
 Fight will I not for the maid, with thee nor yet with another,  
 Since ye have taken back the prize that once ye bestowed ;  
 But, nought else shalt thou seize and take, of all that belongs me  
 Stored by my swift black ship, unless I freely shall give it : 300  
 Try if thou wilt, and soon shall all men judge of the issue ;  
 Quickly adown my spear thy life-blood dark shall be streaming."

Thus with opposing words the chieftains hotly contended ;  
 Then they rose to depart, and dismissed the council assembled  
 Near the Achaian ships ; and Peleides straightway betook him 305  
 Unto his tents, e'en where his shapely galleys were lying,  
 Taking Menoitius' son,<sup>4</sup> and all his band of retainers.  
 Down to the sea, meanwhile, a swift-going ship did Atreides  
 Launch, and rowers a score he chose ; then placing on board her  
 Offerings meet for the god, fair-cheeked Chryseis he guided 310  
 Up to the deck, and there did seat her ; whilst, for a captain,  
 Into the ship there went Odysseus of many devices.

Then did they put to sea, and sailed o'er the paths of the waters.  
 Atreus' son, meanwhile, a cleansing of all the encampment  
 Ordered, and it was made by the host, and the foul offscourings  
 Into the sea they cast ; and hecatombs unto Apollo, 315  
 Perfect in kind, they offered of bulls and goats ; and the savour  
 Rose from the altars, placed by the shore of the harvestless ocean,  
 Wreathing itself in the smoke, and, ascending, reached unto heaven.

3. 295. Here again follows an evident interpolation :  
 Anglicè—"Give directions : for I ween that I shall obey thee no longer."

4 307. "Menoitius' son" i.e. Patroclus.



Thus in the camp they wrought ; nor ceased from strife Agamemnon,  
 Neither forgot the threat that at first he made to Achilles.  
 Unto Talthybius spake he, and Eurybatēs, his heralds, 320  
 Zealous attendants both : "Go now to the tent of Achilles,  
 Peleus' son, and take by the hand fair-cheeked Briseis,  
 So to conduct her hither. But if he refuse to resign her,  
 I, with a stronger force, myself will seize on the maiden :  
 Thus in the end will prove for him more keen the disaster." 325

Such was his mandate stern as he sent them forth on their errand.  
 All unwilling they went, by the shore of the harvestless ocean,  
 Till they arrived at the tents and ships of the Myrmidons. Seated  
 There, by the side of his tent and his dark-hulled galley, they found him ;  
 Nor was Achilles glad when he saw the heralds approaching. 330  
 Fearful, and awe-struck stood they before the king, nor addressed him  
 Either with word or question ; but he, their mission divining,  
 Spake with his voice and said : "All hail unto you, O heralds,  
 Messengers both of Zeus and of men ! Fear not to approach me,  
 Seeing I blame not you but Atreus' son, who hath sent you 335  
 Hither to take the maid, Briseis. Arise, O Patroclus,  
 Heaven-born chief, I pray thee, and lead her forth and bestow her  
 Into the heralds' charge : and let these twain bear witness,  
 Even in sight of the blessed gods and of men that are mortals,  
 Aye, and of him this ruthless king, if ever hereafter 340  
 Cometh there need for me to save from grievous destruction.  
 For, of a truth, this man insensate rushes on ruin ;  
 Neither at all, from the past, is wise to know in the future  
 How the Achaians here at the ships may battle in safety."

Such were his words, and Patroclus, his well-loved comrade obeying, 345  
 Straight from the tent led forth fair-cheeked Briseis, and gave her  
 Into the heralds' charge ; and they to the ships of Achaia  
 Wended again their way, while she went with them reluctant.  
 Weeping, Achilles sate, far off withdrawn from his comrades,  
 Hard by the hoary sea, and gazed o'er its limitless waters, 350  
 Whilst, with his hands outstretched, he earnestly prayed to his mother :  
 "Short is to be the life, O mother, to which thou hast borne me ;  
 Therefore Olympian Zeus, the Thunderer, should have allotted  
 Honour at least for my portion ; but now no remnant remaineth,  
 Seeing that Atreus' son, Agamemnon, wide of dominion, 355

Seizing by force my prize for himself, hath done me dishonour."

Weeping, Achilles spake, and heard him his goddess-mother,  
 Where, by her aged sire, she saté in the deeps of the ocean.  
 Rapidly, like to a mist, from the hoary sea she ascended ;  
 Straightway was at his side as he wept, and, sitting before him, 360  
 Sootlied with her hand and voice, whilst fondly by name she addressed him :  
 "Why dost thou weep, my son, and why hath sorrow come o'er thee ?  
 Speak, nor conceal thy mind, that I may share in thy trouble."

Then, with a heavy sigh, out-spake swift-footed Achilles :  
 "Seeing thou knowest all, what need to tell thee my sorrows ? 365  
 Thebè it was we attacked, Eëtion's sacred city ;

Utterly we despoiled it, and hither carried the plunder :  
 Fairly amongst themselves the Achaians made a division,  
 And for Atreides' prize fair-cheeked Chryseis was chosen.  
 Then came Chryses, the priest of the Far-off-darter Apollo, 370  
 Unto the swift-going ships of the brazen-harnessed Achaians,  
 Bringing unvalued gifts, his captive daughter to ransom ;  
 Whilst in his hands he held far-darting Apollo's chaplet,  
 Twined on a golden sceptre ; and much he besought the Achaians  
 All, but most the Atreidæ, the leaders twain of the people. 375

Straightway arose one shout of acclaim from the hosts of Achaia,  
 Fain to respect the priest, the goodly ransom accepting :  
 Only was Atreus' son, Agamemnon, vexed in his spirit ;  
 Scornfully he dismissed him, and added a pitiless mandate.  
 Wrathful, the old man now returned, and prayed to Apollo 380

Who to his prayer gave heed, since great was the love that he bore him :  
 Sent he a shaft forthwith on its mission of death to the Argives ;  
 Faster and faster they died, as the god's dread arrows assailed them,  
 Searching the wide-spread camp where lay the hosts of Achaia.

Then did a skilful seer the will of the Far-off-darter 385  
 Tell unto us, and I first counselled making atonement.

Anger anon laid hold upon Atreus' son, and, arising  
 Quickly, he uttered a threat that now hath seen its fulfilment.  
 Yea, for in yon swift ship keen-eyed Achaians are sailing,  
 Bearing the maid to Chrysa, with gifts for sov'reign Apollo ; 390  
 Whilst but now from the tent are gone the heralds, conducting  
 Briseus' daughter, on me bestowed by the sons of Achaia.

Therefore do thou protect thy<sup>5</sup> son, for well thou art able ;  
 Unto Olympus hie thee, and make entreaty, if ever  
 Either in word or deed the heart of Zeus thou hast gladdened. 395  
 Oft, in my father's halls, have I heard thee boastfully telling  
 How that it once was thine, alone of all the immortals,  
 Thine from disastrous fall cloud-girt Cronion to rescue ;  
 E'en what time the Olympian gods were purposed to bind him,—  
 Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athenè,—cam'st thou 400  
 Then to his aid, O goddess, and him didst loose from his fetters,  
 Summoning quick unto lofty Olympus the hundred-handed,  
 (Briareus hight by the gods, by men Aigaion), surpassing  
 Even his sire in strength.<sup>6</sup> He then, in his prowess exulting, 405  
 Sate him beside Cronion ; and, struck with fear at his presence,  
 Cowed were the blessed gods, nor dared their purpose accomplish.  
 Seat thee now at his side and, this thy service recalling,  
 Clasp his knees, and entreat him to lend his aid to the Trojans,  
 Whilst the Achaians, crowded about the sterns of their galleys,  
 And by the sea pent in, are slaughtered. So may the people 410  
 Duly esteem their king ; and he, Agamemnon Atreides,  
 Monarch of wide dominion, may learn his folly insensate,  
 In that he did despite to the bravest of all the Achaians.”  
 Answered him Thetis, weeping : “Alas, my son, that I bore thee,  
 Born of a cursèd birth, and reared thee up unto manhood !  
 Would thou hadst still remained in the camp by the ships of Achaiæ 415  
 Tearless, and free from wrong, since briefest life is allowed thee,  
 Aye, too brief : but now both early-doomed, and the saddest  
 Art thou of mortal men ! In Peleus' halls I conceived thee  
 Under an evil star ! Yet go I now to Olympus,  
 Capped with its crown of snow, unto Zeus who joys in his thunder :  
 There will I urge thy suit, if haply so he may hearken. 420  
 Thou by thy swift-going ships remain, against the Achaians  
 Nursing thy rage meanwhile, but take no part in the warfare.  
 Yesterday 'twas that Zeus, with all the gods in attendance,  
 Went to Oceanus' halls, to the blameless Æthiops' banquet ;  
 But, when the twelfth day dawns, to Olympus back will he journey: 425

5. 393. Reading ἐῆς or ἐοῖο.

6. 403. “Briareus” i.e. “the strong one.” He was the son of Poseidon.

Then will I make my way to his brass-floored home, and beseech him,  
Clasping his knees, and in sooth I ween my suit will be granted."

Such were her words, and, departing, she left him there in his anger,  
Vexed for the winsome maid thus ruthlessly seized. But Odysseus 430  
Sailed meanwhile unto Chrysa, the sacred hecatomb taking.

Reaching the port's deep channel, they furled the sails and bestowed them  
Down in the vessel's hold; and then to its crutch, with the stay-ropes,  
Quickly they lowered the mast, and rowed their ship to the moorings. 435

Forth from her bows they cast the anchor-stones, and the stern-ropes

Next they secured on shore; and forth from the vessel the sailors  
Came to the surf-washed beach, and forth they landed the offerings

Brought for the Far-off-darter, Apollo; and forth Chryseis

Stepped from the sea-borne bark; and Odysseus of many devices

Led to an altar, and there to the loving hands of her father 440

Gave her, and thus addressed him: "Behold, I am here, O Chryses,

Sent by the king of men, Agamemnon, both to restore thee

This thy child; and to offer to Phœbus a solemn oblation;

So to appease the king, on behalf of the Danaan people,

Whom he hath stricken now with afflictions many and grievous." 445

Spake he, and glad was Chryses his much-loved daughter receiving.

Speedily then in order, around the beauteous altar,

Ranging the sacred victims, with clean-washed hands from the baskets

Took they the barley-meal; and amidst them earnestly Chryses

Prayed with uplifted hands: 'O, hear me, thou who protectest 450

Chrysa and holy Cilla, and Tenedos mightily rulest,

God of the silver bow! Thou once didst hear my entreaty,

Yea, and thou gav'st me honour, inflicting on the Achaians

Chastisement sore; so now vouchsafe again to accomplish 455

This my desire, and the Danaans save from grievous destruction."

Thus he entreated, praying, and heard him Phœbus Apollo.

Then, when prayer they had made, and with meal had sprinkled the victims,

Severing first their throats,—their heads thrown backward,—they flayed them

Next; and from off the thighs rich slices carved, and enveloped 460

Each in a fold of fat, whereto raw pieces they added.

These upon new-cleft wood the old man burnt, and libation

O'er them of sparkling wine he poured, whilst stood there beside him

Youths with the five-pronged forks. But when the flesh from the thigh-bones

All was consumèd quite, and they the vitals had tasted,

Then did they cut in slices the rest of the meat ; and they roasted 465  
 These on the spits with care, and drew them off. From their labour  
 When they had ceased,—the viands all made ready,—they feasted,  
 Nor did their soul lack aught in the equal banquet. Their hunger  
 Now, and their thirst, allayed, with wine the noble attendants 470  
 Crowned the o'er-flowing bowls, and to all due measure apportioned,  
 Making libation first from the cups of each as they gave them.  
 Then, to appease the god, all day did the sons of Achaia  
 Chant their harmonious pæan, in praise of the Far-off-darter.  
 Listened the god well-pleased : and when the sun in the heavens 475  
 Sank, and the darkness came, then, hard by the warps of their galley,  
 Lay they down and slept. But, soon as the mist-born Eos  
 Touched with her rosy fingers the sombre grey of the morning,  
 Putting to sea they sailed for the broad Achaian encampment.  
 Sent them a favouring breeze the Far-off-darter Apollo :  
 Quickly they reared the mast, and aloft the gleaming sail-cloth 480  
 Fluttered : the strong wind came, and pressed on the bellying canvas,  
 Bearing the good ship onward ; and, as she rushed through the water,  
 Sounded along her keel the dark wave curling beneath her :  
 Thus o'er the seas she ran, and forward sped on her voyage.  
 Now, when at length they came to the broad Achaian encampment,  
 High on the sandy beach their black ship dragging, they propped her 485  
 Firmly with rows of shores,<sup>7</sup> and then dispersed, and betook them  
 Unto the tents and ships. Meanwhile, by his sea-going galleys  
 Heaven-born Peleus' son, the swift Achilles, remaining  
 Cherished his wrath, nor sought he the man-ennobling assembly, 490  
 Nor to the war went forth ; but still by his vessels abode he  
 Pining at heart, yet longing for war and the shout of the battle.  
 But, when the twelfth day dawned, then came to Olympus together  
 All the immortal gods, in the train of Zeus ; and forgot not 495  
 Thetis her son's behest. Up-borne on the surge of a billow  
 Forth from the sea she came, with the mists of the morning around her,  
 Upward, until she reached the spacious sky, and Olympus  
 Rugged with many a peak ; and there, on the loftiest summit,  
 Seated apart from the rest, she found far-seeing Cronion.  
 Straightway she sate before him, his knees with her left hand clasping, 500

7. 486. The ships were shored up with a row of stones placed on either side of the keel.

Whilst with her right she touched his chin ; and thus her entreaty  
Urging, she spake unto sovereign Zeus, the offspring of Cronos :

“Zeus, great father, if e'er I helped thee 'midst the immortals  
Either in word or deed, deign now my wish to accomplish :  
Unto my son give honour ; for he both earliest-doomèd 505  
Liveth, and him Agamemnon, the king of men, hath dishonoured  
Since he hath seized for himself his prize. But thou thine honour  
Shew unto him, O Zeus, great counsellor, lord of Olympus :  
Strengthen the Trojans hands so long, until the Achaians  
Duly shall learn his worth and award the honour it claimeth.” 510

Spake she, but nought spake Zeus, the cloud-compeller, in answer.  
Sate he in silence long ; till Thetis, closer than ever  
Clung to his knees, as again with a second prayer she besought him :  
“Make me a solemn promise, and give thy nod to confirm it ;  
Or, if thou wilt, refuse, since fear there is none to constrain thee, 515  
So shall I learn that of all the gods I least am regarded.”

Mightily troubled then the Cloud-compeller addressed her :  
“Truly, will rueful deeds be wrought if quarrel with Hera  
Thou wilt incite, and she with insulting speech shall provoke me :  
Nay, she railleth at me e'en now amidst the immortals, 520  
Ever averring that I do assist the Trojans in battle.  
Rather do thou depart and return, lest Hera observe us,  
Leaving to me these matters, that I may work their fulfilment :  
Yea, I will even bow my head, so thou shalt believe me,  
Seeing that with the immortals is none so mighty a token 525  
Given by me : for nought goes back, nor ever deceiveth,  
Nor of its end doth fail, when once my nod hath confirmed it.”

Then, with his eye-brows dark, assenting, nodded Cronion.  
Forward the locks divine on the deathless head of the monarch  
Rolled, as he bowed and made the vast Olympus to tremble. 530

Thus did the twain hold counsel, and then they parted ; and Thetis,  
Springing from bright Olympus, attained her home in the ocean,  
Whilst to his halls went Zeus ; and the gods, at their sire's dread presence  
All from their seats uprose at once : for none his approaching  
Dared to await, but all stood up, and standing received him. 535  
Thus to his throne he came, and thus in state was enthronèd.  
Nathless, not unaware was Hera, for she had espied him  
Busied in consultation with Thetis, the silver-footed,  
Child of the old sea-god ; and straightway unto Cronion

Spake she in taunting words ; "With whom of the gods, O schemer, 540  
Hast thou again been plotting ? Apart from me thou delightest  
Ever, with secret design, events thyself to determine,  
Nor hast thou ever deigned unto me thy thoughts to discover."

Then unto her the father of men and of gods made answer :  
"Deem not that thou, O Hera, with all the schemes that I purpose 545  
Art to be made acquainted ; for this too heavy a burden  
E'en for my spouse would be. Whate'er it beseemeth to utter,  
This shall be known unto none, or god, or mortal, before thee :  
But, such plans as apart from the gods I choose to consider,  
Question me not upon these, each one, nor seek to explore them." 550

Then unto him made answer the large-eyed sovereign Hera :  
"What strange speech is thine, most terrible offspring of Cronos ?  
I, of a truth, have never aforetime plied thee with questions,  
Neither explored thy schemes : nay, undisturbed dost thou ponder  
E'en as thou wilt. But now, unwonted terror hath seized me 555  
Lest thou have been cajoled by Thetis, the silver-footed,  
Child of the old sea-god. For, wrapped in the mists of the morning,  
Seated was she at thy side, and clasped thy knees in entreaty ;  
Yea, and methinks e'en now thou art pledged to honour Achilles,  
Whilst thou dealest destruction beside the ships of Achaia."

Then unto her spake Zeus, the cloud-compeller, in answer : 560  
"Madly perverse ! With thee it is always 'Methinks,' and my actions  
Never escape thee. Yet, shalt thou gain in nought but estrangement  
Further from me ; and this unto thee no good will betoken.  
If I admit thy charge, doubt not my will to perform it.  
Sit thee down and be silent ; and give good heed to my mandate, 565  
Lest I approach, with hands that none may stay, to assail thee :  
Then not all the Olympian gods thy rescue shall compass."

Spake he, and, terror-stricken, the large-eyed sovereign Hera  
Sate her in silence down, her rebellious spirit controlling, .  
Whilst in the halls of Zeus the gods of heaven were troubled. 570  
Then was the art-renowned Hephaistos first to harangue them,  
Eager to lend his aid to his mother, the white-armed Hera :"

"Truly will deeds be wrought past all enduring disastrous,  
If ye twain for the sake of mortals thus are to quarrel,  
Bringing amidst the gods discordant feud. From our banquets 575  
Gone will the pleasure be of the goodly viands, if evil  
Thus be allowed to reign. Then, mother, let me advise thee,

Wise as thou art : unto Zeus, my sire, give loyal allegiance ;  
 So shall he not upbraid thee, and mar our feasts with confusion.  
 Easy it were for him, the Olympian lord of the lightning, 580  
 Us from our seats to thrust ; so greatly in might he exceedeth.  
 Rather do thou approach him with gentle words of endearment :  
 Then forthwith will the lord of Olympus turn and be gracious."

Such were his words, as he rose, and within the hands of his mother  
 Placing a double goblet, addressed her : "Patiently bear thee, 585  
 Mother of mine, and endure, though sorely vexèd in spirit ;  
 Lest it should be my fate to behold thee smitten before me,  
 Dear as thou art : and then, though grieved, no help can I render ;  
 Hard is the task of him who resisteth the lord of Olympus.  
 Once on a time, ere now, I strove to lend thee assistance : 590  
 Then by the foot he seized, and from heaven's high battlements hurled me.  
 All day long I fell, and at sunset, lighting on Lemnos,  
 Well nigh spent was my life : and there the Sintian people,  
 Raising me where I lay, with kindly welcome received me."

Such were the words he spake, and the white-armed goddess Hera 595  
 Smiled, and smiling received from her son the goblet he offered.  
 Then to the rest of the gods, on his right commencing,<sup>8</sup> in order  
 Bore he the cups all round, with nectar sweet, as he filled them  
 Each from the bowl. And amidst the gods unquenchable laughter 600  
 Rose, as about the halls Hephaistos breathlessly hasted.

Thus all day, till the sun was set, they held their carousal,  
 Nor did their souls lack aught in the equal feast ; and Apollo,  
 Holding his matchless lyre, discoursed sweet tones ; and responsive  
 Unto each other sang, alternate, the clear-voiced Muses.  
 But, when the sun's bright orb had sunk from the heavens, they wended 605  
 Homeward to lay them down, each one in the hall that Hephaistos,  
 Skilful with either hand, far-famed, had cunningly fashioned.  
 Then to his couch went Zeus the Olympian, lord of the lightning,  
 Where he was wont to rest whene'er sweet slumber o'ercame him : 610  
 There he slept, with Hera the golden-thronèd beside him.

8. 597. "On his right commencing," Greek *ἐν δεξιῇ*. This passage has given rise to much controversy, the custom having been to pass the cup from left to right. May not the explanation be that although Hephaistos commenced on his right, yet, as he was facing the gods, the cup would go from their left to right ?



## ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

DURING the night, Zeus devises a scheme whereby to fulfil the promise he has made to Thetis of helping the Trojans; viz. to persuade Agamemnon, by means of a lying Dream, to attack them immediately, although deprived of the assistance of Achilles and his followers.

The Dream, in obedience to the command of Zeus, visits Agamemnon, who is sleeping in his tent, and delivers his message.

At early morning Agamemnon awakes, and proceeds at once to act upon his dream by calling an assembly of the people; but first he holds a separate council of the chieftains and elders, to whom he narrates the dream, and explains his plan of action, which is to try the temper of the people by proposing the relinquishment of the siege, and the return of the expedition to Argos.

He then harangues the assembled host to this effect, and thus arouses so strong a feeling in favour of returning home, that they are afterwards only restrained from carrying it into effect by the exertions of Odysseus, who has been prompted to this course by Athenè, at the behest of Hera.

When the people are again assembled, Thersites comes forward and makes an abusive speech against Agamemnon; but he is promptly answered and chastised by Odysseus.

Then follow harangues from Odysseus, Nestor and Agamemnon, the result of which is that the desire for home is superseded by the war-spirit, now re-kindled; and, after their mid-day meal and the usual sacrifices and prayer, the host is collected on the plain of Scamander, and arrayed in order of battle.

Then follows the celebrated "Catalogue," or description of the Argive host in which the names of the chieftains are given, together with the various tribes and peoples, and the number of ships, under the command of each.

The Trojans, seeing their foes arrayed on the plain, sally forth from the gates, and set in array their own forces outside the city; and the Book closes with a catalogue of the Trojan chieftains and the various tribes under their command.

## BOOK II.

THEN did the rest of the gods, and warriors chariot-fighting,  
Slumber the live-long night ; but sleep, with its genial thralldom,  
Kept not its hold on Zeus. In his mind he anxiously pondered  
How he should bring unto honour Achilles, whilst to destruction  
Many a life he doomed hard by the Achaian galleys.  
Pondering thus, it seemed him best to send to Atreides, 5  
Even to king Agamemnon, a baneful dream to delude him.  
Calling aloud, forthwith in wingèd words he addressed it :  
“Go, thou baneful Dream, to the swift Achaian galleys ;  
Seek Agamemnon’s tent, and there right faithfully tell him  
All that I charge thee. Bid him the long-haired men of Achaia 10  
Hastily arm ; for now wide-streeted Troy shall he capture.  
Not any longer amidst the gods who dwell in Olympus  
Counsels divided reign ; since all, to Hera’s entreaties  
Yielding, are joined in purpose, and woes are decreed for the Trojans.” 15  
Spake he, and straightway went the Dream on hearing his mandate,  
Rapidly went, and came to the swift Achaian galleys :  
Then did it seek Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, and found him  
Resting within his tent, in sleep ambrosial folded.  
Placing itself at his head, it stood, in likeness of Nestor, 20  
Neleus’ son, whom chiefest of all the elders Atreides  
Honoured. In form of Nestor the heaven-sent Vision addressed him :  
“Sleep’st thou, son of the tamer of steeds—the warrior Atreus ?  
’Tis not a councillor’s part the livelong night to be sleeping,  
Since unto him is entrusted a nation’s weal, and upon him 25  
Many a care doth lie. But learn thou quickly my message :

Herald am I from Zeus, who, though far distant, with pity  
 Vast, and with love regards thee. The long-haired men of Achaia  
 Hastily arm ; for now wide-streeted Troy thou shalt capture.  
 Not any longer amidst the gods who dwell in Olympus 30  
 Counsels divided reign ; since all, to Hera's entreaties  
 Yielding, are joined in purpose, and woes are decreed for the Trojans  
 Even of Zeus. But mind—nor let forgetfulness seize thee  
 When from its gentle hold sweet sleep thy spirit releases.”  
 Uttered the Dream these words and, departing, left Agamemnon 35  
 There, in his mind revolving events not doomed to fulfilment,  
 Deeming on that same day he should take the city of Priam ;  
 Dupe that he was,—unconscious of all that Zeus was devising !  
 Little he recked of the woes and groans in store for the Trojans,  
 Aye, for the Danaans too, in hard-fought fields. From his slumber 40  
 Now he awoke, and about him the voice celestial floated.  
 Up in his couch he sate, and donned his delicate tunic  
 Fair to behold, new-wrought ; and his huge cloak flung he around him.  
 Next, on his shining feet his comely sandals he fastened,—  
 Belted across his shoulder his sword, all studded with silver,— 45  
 Grasped his ancestral sceptre, unperishing ever, and with it  
 Went his way to the ships of the brazen-harnessed Achaians.  
 Now, when the goddess Dawn unto high Olympus ascended,  
 Harbinger fair of light to Zeus and all the immortals,  
 Atreus' son commanded the clear-voiced heralds to summon 50  
 Unto a high assembly the long-haired men of Achaia.  
 They the assembly called, and the people quickly were gathered.  
 Nathless first were convened the high-souled elders in council,  
 Hard by the ship of Nestor, the king of his native Pylos.  
 Them Agamemnon summoned, and thus his scheme he unfolded : 55  
 “Hearken, my friends. In the sacred night a heaven-sent Vision  
 Came to me whilst I slept, the god-like Nestor resembling  
 Closely in form and size, and in features. Standing above me,  
 Near to my head, it spake ; and thus its message delivered :  
 ‘Sleep'st thou, son of the tamer of steeds, the warrior Atreus ? 60  
 'Tis not a councillor's part the livelong night to be sleeping,  
 Since unto him is entrusted the people's weal, and upon him  
 Many a care doth lie. But learn thou quickly my message :  
 Herald am I from Zeus who, though far distant, with pity

Vast, and with love regards thee. The long-haired men of Achaia 65  
 Hastily arm ; for now wide-streeted Troy thou shalt capture.  
 Not any longer amidst the gods who dwell in Olympus  
 Counsels divided reign ; since all, to Hera's entreaties  
 Yielding, are joined in purpose, and woes are decreed for the Trojans,  
 Even of Zeus. But mind my words.' It spake, and departed 70  
 Swift on the wing ; and now from its hold sweet slumber released me.  
 Come then, make we essay to arm the sons of Achaia ;  
 Yet will I try them first by speech, as rightly beseemeth,  
 Bidding them homeward fly with their well-oared ships ; but amidst them  
 Ye disperse, and with words contend against their returning." 75  
 Spake he, and sate him down ; and now up rose in the council  
 Nestor, the king who reigned in sandy Pylos. Before them  
 He, with kindly intent, made speech : "O friends,—of the Argives  
 Chieftains and princes all,—had any other Achaian  
 Told unto us this dream, then false we surely should call it, 80  
 Yea, and refuse belief ; but now, since he hath beheld it,—  
 He who the widest sway 'midst all the Achaians claimeth,—  
 Let us essay forthwith to arm the sons of Achaja."  
 Thus spake Nestor, and then he led the way from the council ;  
 And, as he went, up rose the sceptred kings in obedience 85  
 Unto the nation's shepherd, and after them hurried the people.  
 Even as thronging bees from a rocky cavity issue  
 Forth in their tribes, and ever afresh their numbers are pouring :  
 Then on the vernal flowers they alight in clusters, directing  
 Hither and thither their flight in diverse groups : so issued 90  
 Now from the ships and tents the Argive host, and were marching  
 Many, of many a tribe, in troops by the shore of the ocean,  
 Skirting its deep-lying sands, in haste to join the assembly.  
 Rumour amidst them blazed, of Zeus the messenger, onward  
 Urging their steps ; and soon the hosts were gathered, and uproar  
 Filled the assembly. Beneath them groaned the earth as the people 95  
 Gat to their seats ; and tumult arose, and nine were the heralds  
 Shouting aloud to make them cease from clamour, and hearken  
 Unto the heaven-born kings. And so at last in their places  
 Ranged were they all and seated, and hushed was the clamour of voices.  
 Then did arise the prince Agamemnon, holding the sceptre 100  
 Made with exceeding toil by Hephaistos. He to Cronion

Gave it of old, and Zeus to the herald, slayer of Argus :  
 Sovereign Hermes next unto Pelops, driver of horses,  
 Gave it, and he unto Atreus the nation's shepherd ; and Atreus, 105  
 When he was now a-dying, the sceptre left to Thyestes  
 Wealthy in flocks ; and he unto king Agamemnon bequeathed it,  
 Monarch of many an isle and the wide dominion of Argos.  
 Leaning upon the sceptre, he now made speech to the Argives :  
 "Friends, of the Danaan race ye warriors, servants of Ares, 110  
 Zeus Cronides in an evil fate hath sorely involved me,  
 Ruthless ! For he had promised, and with his nod had confirmed it,  
 Hence that I should not sail till strong-walled Troy I had pillaged ;  
 Yet hath he cruelly schemed to deceive my hopes, and to Argos  
 Bids me inglorious go with loss of much of my people ;— 115  
 Such the almighty will of Zeus, who citadels many  
 Hath in the past o'erthrown, and will yet o'erthrow in the future,  
 Seeing that he in strength is supreme ;—for this were disgraceful  
 Now, and for our descendants to learn, that the hosts of Achaia, 120  
 Goodly and vast in number, should thus persist in a warfare  
 Fruitless and unsuccessful, to which no end there appeareth,  
 Matched against fewer foemen. For, should the Achaians and Trojans  
 Choose to conclude a truce, that so each side should be numbered,  
 Then,—if the Trojans counted, and reckoned citizens only, 125  
 We, the Achaians, ranging ourselves in decades and taking  
 One of the Trojans for each, to fill our cups in the banquet,—  
 Many a decade of ours would find its cup-bearer wanting.  
 Thus, I assert, do Achaia's sons out-number the Trojans  
 Dwelling within the city. But others, warrior-spearmen, 130  
 Gathered from many a town, there are—allies of the Trojans ;—  
 These are the men that thwart me, and sorely hinder my purpose  
 Troy's well-peopled city to take and utterly pillage.  
 Now are there nine years gone from the mighty Zeus, and already  
 Rotten our vessels' timbers are grown, and slack is the cordage ; 135  
 Yea, and our wives at home and our tender children await us,  
 Seated within the halls, whilst yet is the work unaccomplished,  
 Even the work wherefor we came out hither. But hearken !  
 All unto my command give due obedience : homeward  
 Let us away in our ships to the well-loved land of our fathers, 140  
 Seeing that never now wide-streeted Troy shall we capture."

Spake he, and stirred within them the souls of all who were gathered  
 There in that mighty throng, save only those who had heard him  
 Telling his secret purpose. And now was all the assembly  
 Moved, as the waves of ocean that roll in lengthening surges  
 In the Icarian Sea, when gales from eastward or southward, 145  
 Rushing from out the clouds of the mighty father, are blowing :  
 Or, as the strong west wind on a thickly standing corn-field  
 Bursts with impetuous force, and the ears are bowed before it,  
 So was the whole assembly moved : and now with a war-cry  
 Down to the ships they rushed, and the dust from their feet as they hurried  
 Stood like a cloud o'er-head ; and now they called to their comrades, 150  
 Bidding them lend a hand to drag the ships to the ocean,  
 Clearing the trenches out meanwhile for launching ; and upward  
 Went there to heaven the shout of men impatiently longing  
 Homeward to start, whilst knocked they away the shores from their vessels.  
 Then in sooth would have come to pass the return of the Argives, 155  
 Even in spite of fate ; but straightway Hera, perceiving,  
 Thus to Athenè spake : "What now, unwearying goddess,  
 Child of the Ægis-bearer ? And so, it seemeth, the Argives  
 Borne on the sea's broad ridges will hasten home to their country !  
 Truly a noble boast will they leave behind them for Priam, 160  
 Aye, and for all the Trojans, the Argive Helen resigning,—  
 Her for the sake of whom full many Achaïans have perished,  
 Far from their native land, in Troy ! But now the encampment  
 Seek thou, and visit the host of the brazen-harnessed Achaïans :  
 There, with thine own mild words, restrain each man, and persuade them  
 So that they drag not down their curvèd ships to the ocean." 165

Spake she, nor disobeyed her the grey-eyed goddess Athenè.  
 Down from the peaks of Olympus she sped, swift-darting ; and quickly  
 Reaching the camp, where lay the fleet Achaïan galleys,  
 Found she Odysseus there, of Zeus the rival in council.  
 He by his well-benched ship—his dark hulled galley—was standing, 170  
 Nor did he strive to launch her ; for o'er his heart and his spirit  
 Sorrow had come. Forthwith the grey-eyed goddess Athenè  
 Stationed herself hard by, and addressed him : "Son of Laërtes,  
 Heaven-descended chief, Odysseus of many devices,  
 Thus, as it seems, ye are minded, with sudden panic embarking,  
 Home to your native land in your well-oared galleys to hasten ! 175

Truly a noble boast will ye leave behind you for Priam,  
 Aye, and for all the Trojans, the Argive Helen resigning ;  
 Her for the sake of whom full many Achaians have perished,  
 Far from their native land, in Troy ! But go thou, and visit  
 Now forthwith the Achaian camp, nor tarry an instant :  
 There, with thine own mild words, restrain each man, and persuade them 180  
 So that they drag not down their curvèd ships to the ocean."

Spake she, and well he knew the voice divine that had spoken :  
 Starting to run he flung his cloak aside, and his herald  
 Ithacan Eurybatès, close-following, took it. Odysseus  
 Came meanwhile to the presence of Atreus' son, Agamemnon, 185  
 And at his hands the sceptre ancestral—unperishing ever—  
 Took, and repaired to the ships of the brazen-harnessed Achaians.  
 Then, if he met with a chieftain or noted leader, beside him  
 Placing himself, such one he plied with gentle persuasion :  
 "Sir, it becomes not thee to be scared like cowardly varlet ;<sup>1</sup> 190  
 Rather thyself sit down, and make the people be seated.  
 Not yet knowest thou clearly the true intent of Atreides.  
 Now is he trying our mettle, but soon will punish the backward.  
 All of us did not hear the words he spake in the council.  
 Mind lest, angered, he bring some hurt on the sons of Achaia. 195  
 Mighty the courage is of a heaven-born king ; for his kingship  
 Cometh from Zeus himself, and Zeus—great counsellor—loves him."

But, if found he a man of the baser sort who was brawling,  
 Him he struck with the sceptre, and sharply rebuked : "Ho, fellow,  
 Sit thee down and be silent, and hear the words of thy betters ! 200  
 Weak and unwarlike thou, a cipher in battle and council.  
 'Tis not for all of us, the Achaians, here to be reigning.  
 Bad is divided rule : let one be ruler and monarch,  
 He unto whom the son of the crookèd-counselling Cronos 205  
 Sceptre and laws hath given to rule with kingly dominion."

Ordered he thus the host in princely form ; and the people

1. 190 —206. Mr. Paley has the following note on this passage :

"The construction of this address of Ulysses is very artistic : it consists wholly of single and separate lines, each containing an argument more or less complete in itself : it is a string of saws, some spoken to one, some to another, according to the temperament of the hearers."

Forth from the ships and tents rushed back to join the assembly,  
 E'en with a noise as when a wave of the booming ocean  
 Thunders along the steep, and loud is the tumult of waters. 210  
 Thus were the people seated, and all were ranged in their places  
 Save Thersites alone, who unrestrainedly chattered  
 Still ; for within his mind was a store of disorderly language,  
 Ever ready to flow in pointless wrangle with princes,  
 Speaking to no good end, but to raise a laugh for the people. 215  
 He unto Ilios came the ugliest man of the Argives ;  
 Bandy-legged, one foot lame, his shoulders crooked and forwards  
 Drawn to his breast ; and above them his head rose tapering, covered  
 Thinly with wool-like hair. To Achilles most, and Odysseus,  
 Hateful was he, since these were the twain he was ever reviling. 220  
 Now on the god-like chief, Agamemnon, poured he his insults  
 Screaming them forth ; and mightily vexed at him were the Argives,  
 And in their souls indignant. But he, loud brawling, proceeded  
 Thus to revile the king : "What now, O scion of Atreus,  
 Findest thou wrong, or what fresh boon from us dost thou covet ? 225  
 Filled are thy tents with brass, and within them beauteous women  
 Many there are, whom we are wont to give for a portion  
 Foremost of all unto thee, whene'er some city we capture.  
 Surely thou still art lacking of gold which one of the Trojans,  
 Tamers of steeds, shall bring perchance from Ilios hither,  
 Even the price wherewith his captive son he may ransom, 230  
 Either by me or haply by other Achaian captured ?  
 Or 'tis a youthful maid thou need'st to share thy embraces,  
 One to be kept apart for thyself alone ? It behoves not  
 Thee, their leader, to bring Achaia's sons to disaster.  
 Weaklings ! Achaian women, no longer men of Achaia, 235  
 Nay, a reproach are ye ! But homeward now with our galleys  
 Go we, and leave this man in the Trojan land,—at his leisure  
 Here to enjoy his prizes, and learn if aught of his safety  
 Doth upon us depend ;—e'en he who now hath dishonoured  
 One that is far his better ; for he hath seized from Achilles  
 And for himself doth keep his prize. But surely resentment 240  
 Finds in Achilles' breast no place, and sluggish his spirit ;  
 Else, O Atreides, this were the last of thy arrogant doings."  
 Thus Thersites spake, and thus he reviled Agamemnon



Shepherd of all the host. But straight the god-like Odysseus  
 Came to his side with scowling look, and sternly rebuked him : 245  
 "Hold thy tongue, Thersites, thou shrill-voiced, reckless declaimer ;  
 Neither presume alone to join with kings in contention.  
 Never a baser knave than thou, I ween, in our armies  
 Followed with Atreus' sons to the walls of Ilios. Therefore  
 'Tis not for thee to prate of kings thus glibly, against them 250  
 Launching abuse, all eager to watch for the time of returning.  
 Nor do we know as yet what end shall come of our labours,  
 Whether for good or ill shall be our voyaging homeward.<sup>2</sup> 253  
 Nathless, this will I tell thee, nor shall it fail of fulfilment :  
 If I shall find thee again e'en thus thy folly parading,  
 Then may Odysseus' head no longer rest on his shoulders,  
 Neither may I any more be called Telemachus' father, 260  
 If I shall not lay hold and strip thy garments from off thee,  
 Cloak and tunic alike, e'en all that thy nakedness covers ;  
 Yea, and thyself send howling in tears from out the assembly  
 Back to the swift-going ships, with stripes unseemly belaboured."  
 Spake he, and with his staff Thersites' back and his shoulders 265  
 Smote; and with pain he writhed, and a tear welled forth from his eyelids,  
 Whilst on his back there started a weal of blood from the sceptre  
 Studded with gold. Affrighted, he sate him down, and around him  
 Vacantly gazed in pain, as he wiped the tear from his visage.  
 Then, though sad at heart,<sup>3</sup> right merrily laughed the Achaians, 270  
 Seeing his plight; and thus they spake, the one to the other :  
 "Marry! In sooth good deeds have erst been wrought by Odysseus  
 Numberless,—leader in council, and foremost arming for battle ;—  
 Yet far best is the deed he now hath wrought for the Argives,  
 Stopping the slanderous mouth of this word-mongering babbler. 275  
 Never again, I trow, will his manful spirit incite him  
 Thus to contend with kings in a wordy war of reproaches."  
 So did the people talk, and Odysseus, waster of cities,

2. 253. Here follow three lines which are an evident interpolation :

Anglicè—"Therefore now thou calmly revilest Agamemnon, the people's shepherd, because the Danaan warriors give him exceeding many gifts: and so thou makest a taunting speech."

3. 270. *sad*, i.e. because their expected return home was put off.

Holding the sceptre, rose. At his side, in form of a herald,  
 Grey-eyed Athenè stood, and bade the people be silent ; 280  
 So that the Argive ranks, at once the nearest and furthest,  
 Might of his speech have hearing, and well consider his counsel.  
 He with kindly intent thus spake and harangued the assembly :  
 "Surely, O king Atreides, are minded now the Achaians  
 Thee amongst men speech-gifted to brand with deepest dishonour ; 285  
 Neither will they perform the promise made as they voyaged  
 Hither from steed-famed Argos, that thou from hence should'st depart not  
 Till, in the dust laid low, Troy's strong-walled city were pillaged.  
 Now they lament like tender boys, or desolate widows,  
 Wailing the one to the other, and bent on homeward returning. 290  
 Hard were our lot, in sooth, to return thus foiled of our purpose.  
 Kept from his wife one month a man may well be a-weary,  
 Tied to his well-benched ship, when gales in winter detain him  
 Fast in port, and the sea is vexed with boisterous tempests.  
 Yet this now is the ninth of the years in their seasons revolving 295  
 Since we have here remained : and so not greatly I blame them  
 Wearying as they stay by their beaked vessels. Disgraceful,  
 Nathless, after remaining long, were an empty returning.  
 Courage, my friends, and wait for a while, until we discover  
 Whether or no be true the signs that Calchas divineth ! 300  
 Well we remember this,—and ye did witness the omen,  
 All whom the demon-powers of death have spared from their clutches,—  
 Once on a time when lay the Achaian galleys at Aulis,  
 Gathering there, and freighted with woes for the Trojans and Priam,  
 We by a spring were standing, and faultless hecatombs offered 305  
 Unto the gods immortal on sacred altars. Above us  
 Stretched there a plane-tree fair, whence limpid water was flowing.  
 Then was a mighty portent seen. A terrible serpent  
 Blood-red along its back, sent forth by the lord of Olympus  
 Into the light, from beneath the altar rapidly gliding, 310  
 Up to the plane-tree darted. A sparrow's delicate fledglings  
 There, on the topmost bough, in the leaves were cowering together,  
 Eight of the brood in all,—the ninth, their mother ;—and quickly  
 These the serpent devoured for all their pitiful crying.  
 Round them the mother-bird still flew, lamenting her offspring, 315  
 Till, as she hovered screaming, he seized her pinion and caught her,

Suddenly twisting round. When thus the serpent had swallowed  
 Mother and young alike, the god who had caused his appearing  
 Fixed him visibly there ; for the son of Cronos the subtle  
 Turned him to stone, whilst we stood by and marvelled, beholding. 320  
 Seeing that portent dire our offerings thus had invaded,  
 Calchas arose forthwith and spake, declaring the omen :  
 ‘Why are ye dumb with amaze, ye long-haired men of Achaia ?  
 This great sign unto us from Zeus the counsellor cometh,  
 Not to be known till late, and late to see its fulfilment, 325  
 Aye, and of lasting fame. E’en as the young of the sparrow,  
 Eight in all, were devoured, and the ninth the mother that bore them,  
 So shall we wage this war nine years in the land of the Trojans ;  
 But, in the tenth, the city of spacious streets shall we capture.’  
 Such were the words of Calchas, and now shall all be accomplished. 330  
 Tarry ye therefore here, all ye well-greavèd Achaians,  
 Even until we capture the mighty city of Priam.”

Spake he, and loudly shouted the Argive host ; and resounded  
 Wildly about the ships the cheers of the men of Achaia  
 Shouting a glad acclaim to the speech of god-like Odysseus. 335  
 Then did arise, and spake steed-famed Gerenian Nestor :  
 “Out on ye,—now in truth ye do but play at assembly,  
 Even as silly boys that are all unwitting of warfare !  
 Where will our compacts go, and all our oaths of allegiance,  
 Counsels and brave devices, and right hands given, and treaties 340  
 Plighted with unmixed wine ? To the fire with all that we trusted,  
 Seeing we vainly strive with words, nor can we discover  
 Aught that may serve our end, though here long time we are biding !  
 Thou, O Atreides, still maintain thy resolute purpose  
 E’en as of old, and the Argives lead in the onset of battle ; 345  
 Leaving alone to perish the one or two that are scheming  
 (Vainly ’twill prove) by themselves, apart from the men of Achaia,  
 Home to return to Argos, or yet our knowledge be certain  
 Whether the promise given by Zeus the lord of the ægis,  
 False shall be found or no. For I assert that Cronion, 350  
 Mighty in power, that day when the Argive host were embarking  
 Into their swift-going ships,—with slaughter and death to the Trojans  
 Freightèd,—did give his promise, and with his nod did confirm it,  
 Whilst on the right he flashed his lightnings, pledge of the omen.

Wherefore, I say, let none make haste to return to his country  
 Till he has laid him down with a consort seized from the Trojans, 355  
 And hath avenged the toils and groans that Helen hath caused us.  
 Yet, if a man be found so keenly bent on returning,  
 Let him at once lay hold on his well-benched sable galley :  
 So shall he first attain the death that surely awaits him.  
 Yea, and do thou, O king, thyself give heed to my counsel, 360  
 Seeing the words I speak should not be lightly rejected :  
 Marshal the fighting-men by tribes and clans, Agamemnon,  
 So that the tribes together, and clansmen shoulder to shoulder,  
 May in the battle stand. If thus thou do, and the Argives  
 Harken to thee and obey, then clearly shalt thou discover  
 Knowledge of chiefs and people, the base from the brave to distinguish. 365  
 Each by themselves will fight ; and thou wilt learn the conclusion  
 Whether decree divine the city's capture doth hinder,  
 Or if valour in men and skill in leaders be wanting."

Then unto him made answer, and spake the king Agamemnon :  
 "Verily, aged chief, once more in speech hast thou vanquished 370  
 All the Achaian host. O father Zeus and Athenè  
 Harken, and thou, Apollo ! But ten such trusty advisers  
 Would that I had with me ! Then soon the city of Priam  
 Unto our conquering hands would bow, both captured and pillaged !  
 But unto me hath Zeus Cronidès, the lord of the ægis, 375  
 Many a grief allotted, in fruitless feuds and contentions  
 Ever my life involving. For now have I and Achilles  
 Striven about a maiden with angry words, and the quarrel  
 I was the first to begin : but if we twain in our purpose  
 Ever shall be at one, the evil day for the Trojans  
 Then no longer shall wait—not e'en for an hour—its fulfilment. 380  
 But to our meal now get we, and so for battle prepare us.  
 Each man sharpen his spear right well, and his shield make ready,  
 And to his swift-footed steeds their food unsparingly measure ;  
 Let him his chariot well o'erlook with soldierly forethought,  
 So that the livelong day we may bide the hateful encounter. 385  
 For, of a truth, no respite at all shall there be in the conflict,  
 Save when night shall approach to part the fury of foemen.  
 Fighting beneath his shield, with sweat shall the warrior's baldrick  
 Reek on his breast, and his hand that grasps the spear shall be weary :

Lathered with sweat, the steed at the burnished car shall be straining. 390  
 Hard shall it go with the man I find at the beaked galleys  
 Seeking to shun the fray: for him no hope of escaping  
 Dogs and ravenous birds shall there be when battle is over."

Spake he, and loud were the cheers of the Argives, as when a billow  
 Breaketh on some steep shore, stirred up by gales from the southward, 395  
 E'en on a jutting rock, round which for ever are surging  
 Waves, by the wind upheaved, from whence-so-ever it bloweth.  
 Then they arose in haste, amidst the galleys dispersing,  
 Lit in the tents their fires and took their meal; and they offered  
 Unto their several gods each one his solemn oblation, 400  
 Praying the gods everlasting that he 'mid the turmoil of battle  
 Death should escape. Meanwhile the king of men, Agamemnon,  
 Offered a five-years' ox, well fed, unto mighty Cronion,  
 And to the feast he called the elders, chiefs of Achaia;  
 Nestor the first of all, and the king Idomeneus second; 405  
 Next, the Ajaces twain and Tydeus' son, and Odysseus  
 Equal to Zeus in counsel, the sixth. Unasked, Menelaüs  
 Famed for his war-cry came, full well in his spirit divining  
 What was his brother's toil. The victim then they surrounded,  
 Holding the barley-meal, and amidst them king Agamemnon 410  
 Praying before them spake: "O Zeus, most glorious, greatest,  
 Thou that in clouds art shrouded and in the firmament dwellest,  
 Let not the sun go down and night o'ertake us, or ever—  
 Blackened with smoke—I have hurled to the ground the palace of Priam,  
 And to destroying fire have given its gates; and the tunic, 415  
 Covering Hector's breast, my sword into shreds shall have cloven.  
 Prone in the dust may his comrades lie, full many around him  
 Falling, and with their teeth the earth in their agony biting."

Such were his words, but as yet would not Cronion fulfil them:  
 Though he received the gifts the unceasing toil he redoubled. 420  
 Then, when prayer they had made, and with meal had sprinkled the victims,  
 Severing first their throats—their heads thrown backward—they flayed them  
 Next; and from off the thighs rich slices carved, and enveloped  
 Each in a fold of fat, whereto raw pieces they added.  
 These upon leafless wood, new-cleft, they burnt; and the vitals 425  
 Pierced they with spits, and held them above the flame of Hephaistos.  
 Then,—when utterly burnt was the flesh from the thighs, and the vitals

Tasted had been,—the rest they cut in slices, and roasted  
 These on the spits with care, and drew them off. From their labour  
 When they had ceased, and the viands all were ready, they feasted ; 430  
 Nor did their soul lack aught in the equal banquet. Their hunger  
 Now, and their thirst, allayed, steed-famed Gerenian Nestor  
 Opened his speech before them : “O thou most noble Atreides,  
 King of men Agamemnon, a truce to present discussion,  
 Nor let us longer defer the work the god hath assigned us. 435  
 Rather the heralds now of the brazen-harnessed Achaians  
 Bid we proclaim throughout the ships to gather the people ;  
 Whilst to the broad Achaian camp we hasten together  
 E’en as we are, the sooner to rouse keen onset of battle.” 440

Spake he, nor failed to heed him the king of men Agamemnon :  
 Straightway he gave command that the clear-voiced heralds should summon  
 Unto the ranks of war the long-haired men of Achaia.  
 Their proclamation made, and the host were speedily gathered.  
 Then did the kings heaven-nurtured, Atreides’ trusty attendants, 445  
 Marshal the tribes in haste ; and amidst them grey-eyed Athenè  
 Went, with the sacred ægis that knows not age or destruction,  
 Fringed with its hundred tassels of gold, all skilfully woven,  
 Each of them worth in price an hundred oxen. The ægis  
 Held she aloft as she flashed throughout the hosts of Achaia, 450  
 Urging them on ; and strength for war and battle unceasing  
 Roused she in each man’s heart, that now the thought of the conflict  
 Sweeter to them was grown than e’en their hope of returning  
 Home, in their hollow ships, to the well-loved land of their fathers.

Even as wasting fire lays hold on a boundless forest, 455  
 High on the mountain-peaks, and the glare far off is refulgent ;  
 So from the wondrous brass, as the hosts were marching to battle,  
 Flashing along the skies uprose the sheen unto heaven.

As, on the Asian mead, about the stream of Cayster,  
 Hither and thither fly the wingèd tribes in their numbers,— 460  
 Geese and cranes and the long-necked swans,—in their plumage exulting :  
 Ever with shrilling cries they alight, and ever resoundeth  
 Loudly the mead : so now in many a tribe the Achaians  
 Poured from the ships and tents to Scamander’s plain : and beneath them 465  
 Terribly echoed the earth with the tramp of men and of horses.  
 Then in the flowery mead of Scamander stood they, in number

Countless as are the leaves and the flowers that are born in their season.  
 As the innumerable tribes of flies, thick-swarming together,  
 Hover about some herdsman's shed in the genial spring-time, 470  
 E'en when the fresh-drawn milk comes frothing over the milk-pails ;  
 Thus on the plain, unnumbered, the long-haired men of Achaia  
 Facing the Trojans stood, all fiercely intent to destroy them.

Quickly as herdsmen sort their flocks of goats that are mingled,  
 Wide o'er the pasture strayed ; so now with ease did their leaders 475  
 Marshal the tribes ; now here, now there, to enter the battle ;  
 Whilst in the midst of the host did stand the prince Agamemnon,  
 Like in his eyes and head unto Zeus, who joys in his thunder ;  
 Like in his girth unto Ares,—his breast was like to Poseidon.  
 E'en as amidst the herd, a bull pre-eminent standeth, 480  
 Notable most of all amongst the pasturing cattle,  
 Such was the grandeur given by Zeus that day to Atreides ;  
 Chiefest of many chiefs he stood, a hero of heroes.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that dwell in the halls of Olympus,—  
 For, of a sooth, divine ye are, and ever are present, 485  
 Conscious of all events, whilst we hear only a rumour,  
 Nor is our knowledge certain,—the Danaan leaders and chieftains,  
 Tell me of these : but the rest I could not number, or name them ;  
 Not though ten were the tongues, and ten the mouths that I spake with,  
 And an unwearying voice, and a heart of brass were within me ; 490  
 Did not the daughters of Zeus, the lord of the ægis, recall them  
 Unto my mind,—e'en ye, the Olympian Muses,—recounting  
 Who were the warrior-chiefs that erst<sup>o</sup> unto Ilios wended.  
 These, with the ships' commanders, and all the ships in their order  
 Now will I tell.

The Bœotian tribes Peneleos ordered,

Leitus, Clonius too, Prothoënor and Arcesilaüs, 495  
 Even the tribes that in Hyria dwelt, and in Aulis the rocky ;  
 Schoinos and Scolos too, and the many-peaked Eteonos,  
 Graia and Mycalessos, the broad-plained land, and Thespeia ;  
 They that in Harma dwelt, and in Eileision and Erythræ ;  
 Dwellers in Eleon too, and Peteon also, and Hylè, 500  
 Ocaleë, Medeon, that fortress strong, and Eutresis ;  
 Copæ and Thisbè too, the haunt of doves ; Coroneia  
 Also, and they that dwelt in the grass-clad land, Haliartos ;

Dwellers in Glisas too, and men that came from Platæa,  
 And from the lesser Thebes, that fortress strong, and the holy 505  
 Onchestos, where standeth the shining grove of Poseidon ;  
 Dwellers in Arnè too, for its vineyards famed, and Mideia,  
 Sacred Nisa, and men from the border town of Anthedon.  
 Fifty the galleys were that sailed with these, and on board them  
 Went there Bœotian youths, six score in each of the galleys. 510

Dwellers in Orchomenos, the Minyans' land, and Aspledon,  
 These Ascalaphus led and Ialmenus, children of Ares,  
 Borne by Astyochè, in the halls of Actor Azeides,  
 Unto the mighty Ares. A maiden modest, she hid her  
 E'en in an upper chamber, but he lay with her in secret. 515  
 Thirty the hollow ships, that sailed with these.

Of the Phocians

Schedius went as chief with Epistrophus,—sons of Iphitus,  
 Naubolus' high-souled son,—e'en dwellers about Cyparissos,  
 Yea, and the rocky Pytho and sacred Crisa and Daulis, 520  
 Panopeus, Anemoreia, Hyampolis too ; and the dwellers  
 Near to the goodly river Cephisos : men of Lilaia  
 Also there came, who dwelt hard by the springs of Cephisos.  
 Forty the dark-hulled galleys that sailed with these ; and the chieftains  
 Marshalled the Phocians' ranks with care ; and near the Bœotians, 525  
 Ranged on the left of the line, they stood in order of battle.

Led were the Locrian tribes by Ajax, son of Oileus,  
 Swift, but not so huge as the Telamonian Ajax ;  
 Lesser by far—nay, small was he—with corslet of linen ;  
 Yet with the spear surpassed he Hellenes all and Achaïans. 530  
 Men from Calliaròs were these ; from Cynos and Opus,  
 Bessa, and Augeiæ the lovely, and Scarphè and Tarphe,  
 Thronion too that lieth about Boagriòs' waters.  
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader,  
 Ships of the Locrian tribes, e'en they that dwell on the mainland  
 Over against Eubœa, the sacred isle. 535

The Abantes,

Men of courageous soul, e'en they that dwelt in Eubœa,  
 Eiretria and Chalcis, Histiaia rich in its vineyards,  
 Cerinthòs by the sea, and the steep-built fortress of Dion ;  
 Dwellers in Caryston and Styra—these Elephenor, 540



Son of Chalcodon led. Of the line of Ares descended,  
 Yea, and the lord was he of the proud Abantes; and with him  
 Followed their tribes, swift-footed, their hair far-streaming behind them,  
 Warriors eager to rend the mail on the breasts of their foemen,  
 Holding their ashen spears outstretched before them in battle.  
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader. 545

They that in Athens dwelt, the stronghold fair of Erechtheus  
 Noble of heart, whom erst Athenè tenderly nurtured,  
 Daughter of Zeus, what time the earth, life-giver, had borne him:  
 Then she gave him a place in her own rich temple of Athens,  
 And the Athenian youths, as the years go round in their courses,  
 Pay unto him their worship with bulls and rams for oblation: 550  
 These did Peteos' son, Menestheus, order in battle.

Never on earth was man like him for marshalling horsemen,  
 Yea, and the fighting-men that bear the shield in the combat;  
 None save Nestor alone, by birth his elder, approached him. 555  
 Fifty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader.

Salamis twelve good ships with Ajax sent, and his forces  
 Ranged he with Athens' sons, hard by their serried battalions.

They that in Argos dwelt and the strong walled city of Tiryns,  
 Asinè, hard by the deep-lying gulf and Hermionè; Trœzen, 560  
 Eionæ, Epidaurus—the rich in vines;—and the choicest  
 Youth of Achaia's host who at Mases dwelt and Aegina;  
 These Diomedes, good at the war-cry, led; and to aid him  
 Sthenelus, well-loved son of Capaneus, chieftain renowned;  
 Whilst for a third there went Euryalus, god-like hero, 565  
 Son of the king Mecisteus, the son of Talaüs. Nathless  
 Leader of all these tribes Diomedes, good at the war-cry,  
 Chief in command did go: and their dark-hulled galleys were eighty.

Men from Mycenæ's well-built fort, and Corinth the wealthy,  
 And from Cleonæ's stronghold, and they that dwelt at Orneïæ; 570  
 Men of Araithyreë the lovely; and Sicyon, governed  
 First by the king Adrastus; and dwellers in steep Gonoëssa;  
 Pellenè, Hyperësia too and Aigion; also  
 They by the coast that dwelt and about broad Helicès borders: 575  
 Leader of these was Atreus' son, the prince Agamemnon,  
 E'en with an hundred ships; and by far the most and the bravest  
 Followed with him; and amidst them, in brazen armour resplendent,

Proudly he stood, o'er all pre-eminent, hero of heroes,  
Seeing that he was noblest, and far the most his retainers. 580

Dwellers in Lacedæmon, within the rifts of the mountains  
Nestling low; and Phares too, and Sparta, and Messè  
Favourite haunt of doves; and men of Augeiæ the lovely;  
They of Bryseiæ too, and Amyclæ; and Helos, the fortress  
Hard by the sea, and Laas and Oitylos,—these Menelaüs, 585  
Good at the battle-shout, Agamemnon's brother, commanded,  
Leader of sixty ships; but his men in separate station  
Formed their array. In the midst, on his own keen spirit reliant,  
Rousing them on to battle, he moved, all ardently longing  
Vengeance to take for the toils and groans that Helen had caused them. 590

They that in Pylos dwelt, and the men of Arenè the lovely,  
Thryon—Alpheios' ford—and the stablished fortress of Aipy;  
They Cyparisseis too that held, and Amphigeneia,  
Pteleos also and Helos, and Dorion; (whilom the Muses  
Met with the Thracian Thamyris there, and ended his singing, 595  
Whilst from Oichalian Eurytus' home in Oichalia fared he.  
This was his boastful vaunt, that he would win in a contest  
E'en though the Muses sang that are sprung from the lord of the ægis:  
Wrathful, they spoil his sight; and the wondrous gift of his singing  
Took they away; and they made him forgetful of all his harping); 600  
Leaders of these the steed-famed chief, Gerenian Nestor,  
Came to the war, and ninety the hollow ships he commanded.

They that in Arcady dwelt, beneath the steeps of Cyllenè,  
Near unto Aipytus' tomb, where hand-to-hand in the combat  
Warriors fight; and the men of Pheneos, Stratiè, Rhipè, 605  
Orchomenos the wealthy in flocks, and windy Enispè;  
They that from Tegea came and Mantinea the lovely;  
Men of Parrhasiè too, and they that dwelt at Stymphelos;  
These by the prince Agapenor, Ancæus' son, were commanded,  
Leader of sixty ships; and warriors many in each one 610  
Sailed there—Arcadian men well-skilled in war; for Atreides,  
E'en Agamemnon the king of men, had given them galleys,  
Well-benched ships of his own, the dark-hued ocean to traverse,  
Seeing that all unwitting were they of the craft of the seaman.

Dwellers in Buprasion, and the men from glorious Elis,—  
E'en such part as Hyrmînè, and Myrsinos far on the borders 615

And the Olenian rock with Aleision, bound in their compass,—  
 Four were of these the leaders, and ten swift galleys with each one  
 Came to the war, wherein there sailed full many Epeians.  
 Amphimachus and Thalpius—these were two of the leaders, 620  
 (Sons of Cleatus they and of Eurytus, scions of Actor;)  
 Whilst of the next ten ships Amaryneces' son was the captain,  
 Even Diores the strong; and the fourth Polyxeinus the god-like,  
 Royal Agasthenes' son did lead—the son of Augeias.  
 Dwellers at Dulichion and the sacred isles of Echinæ, 625  
 Over the sea that lie off Elis, Meges commanded—  
 Equal in war to Ares—of steed-famed Phyleus begotten  
 Dear unto Zeus. He erst, with his father angered, his dwelling  
 Changed unto Dulichion: and the dark-hulled galleys were forty  
 Sailing with him for captain. 630  
 The Cephallenian squadrons—  
 High-souled warriors these—did Odysseus lead; and amongst them  
 Ithaca's sons and men from the wood-clad Neriton followed;  
 Whilst to the war Crocyleia her warriors sent, and the rugged  
 Aigilips; Samos too and Zacynthos; yea and the mainland  
 Over against the isles. All these Odysseus commanded, 635  
 Equal to Zeus in counsel, and twelve were his galleys in number,  
 Scarlet on either bow.  
 And Thoas, son of Andraimon,  
 Led the Ætolian tribes; e'en they that inhabited Pleuron,  
 Olenos, Pylenè, Calydon the rocky, and Chalchis 640  
 Hard by the sea. For now no more was the great-souled Oineus  
 Living, nor yet his sons; and dead was now Meleager,  
 He of the golden hair: and to Thoas thus was committed  
 O'er the Ætolian tribes full sovereign sway as their monarch.  
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader.  
 Spear-famed Idomeneus the Cretan squadrons commanded, 645  
 Even the men of Cnosos, and strong-walled Gortys and Lyctos;  
 Dwellers in Miletos and the far-off-gleaming Lycastos,  
 Phaistos and Rhytion too—all stablished cities,—and others,  
 Dwelling in Crete of the hundred towns, did own for their leader  
 Spear-famed Idomeneus; and with him, match for the war-god 650  
 Slayer of men, there went Meriones. Black were the galleys,  
 Eighty in all, that sailed with these twain chiefs to command them.

Nine good ships from Rhodes, with the lordly Rhodians freighted,  
 Sailed with Heracles' son, Tlepolemus, mighty in stature,  
 Yea, and of valiant soul. In Rhodes in separate stations 655  
 Dwelt they—Iēlysos, Lindos and shining Cameiros :—  
 These Tlepolemus led, spear-fighting chieftain renowned,  
 Born unto Astyocheia, the spouse of mighty Heracles.  
 Her from the stream Sellēis—from Ephyrè—erst had he wedded,  
 E'en what time he had ravaged the towns of warrior-chieftains 660  
 Nurtured of Zeus, full many. But when, in the strong-built palace  
 Reared from a child, unto manhood was come Tlepolemus, straightway  
 Slew he his father's uncle Licymnius, scion of Ares,  
 Now grown old. And quickly he built him ships; and collecting  
 Followers not a few, to the seas in flight he betook him, 665  
 Fearing the threaten'd wrath of the other sons and the grandsons  
 Sprung from the great Heracles. And thus to Rhodes in his wand'rings  
 Came he in sorry plight; and there did he and his people  
 Settle in three divisions, by tribes: and greatly beloved  
 Were they of Zeus, the king o'er gods and mortals who reigneth,  
 Yea, and exceeding wealth poured down Cronion upon them. 670  
 Three were the well-trimmed ships that sailed from Symè with Nireus,—  
 Nireus, born to Aglaia and royal Charopus,—Nireus,  
 Comeliest man of the Danaan host that to Ilios wended,  
 Next to the glorious chief Peleides: yet but a weakling  
 He; and few were the people that came with him for their leader. 675  
 They that possessed Nisyros, and men from Crapathos, Casos,  
 Cos—Eutrypylus' city,—and men from the isles of Calydnæ;  
 These to the war Pheidippus did lead and Antiphus with him,  
 Sons of the royal Thessalus both, whose sire was Heracles.  
 Thirty the hollow ships that sailed with these to command them. 680  
 Now will I tell of them that dwelt in Pelasgian Argos,  
 Even in Alos and Trachis and Alopè, Phthia, and Hellas  
 Famed for its women fair,—e'en all the tribes of Hellenes,  
 Myrmidons too and Achaians,—of these Achilles was leader, 685  
 Sailing with fifty ships: but war's dread din and the battle  
 Little did they regard, since chieftain none was there with them,  
 None to array their ranks and lead them forth to the combat.  
 Idle amidst his ships god-like swift-footed Achilles  
 Lingered, enraged for sake of her of the beauteous tresses,

Even the maid Briseïs; his hard-won prize from Lyrnessos, 690  
 Won what time Lyrnessos and Thebè's fortress he pillaged.  
 Then had he overthrown Mynes and Epistrophus—spearmen  
 Famous—Evens' sons, the king whose sire was Selepus.  
 Grieving for her he lay, yet soon to arise was he destined.  
 They that in Phylacè dwelt, and in flowery Pyrasos—precincts 695  
 Sacred to Demèter,—and in Iton rich in her sheep-folds;  
 Antron, hard by the sea, and Pteleos bedded in herbage;  
 These, whilst yet he lived, were led by Protesilaüs  
 Valiant in war: but him long since had the dark earth covered,  
 Leaving his widowed wife in Phylacè marred with her sorrow, 700  
 Yea, and his house half-built; for a Dardan warrior slew him  
 Whilst from his ship he leapt, the foremost far of the Argives.  
 Much did his people mourn their chief; yet found they a leader—  
 One to array their ranks—Podarces, scion of Ares,  
 Son of Iphiclus Phylacidès, in flocks who abounded: 705  
 He was in sooth own brother to high-souled Protesilaüs,  
 Younger by birth: for e'en as Protesilaüs was older,  
 So was he braver too,—a warrior chief:—and his people  
 Mourned for their hero gone; nathless they lacked not a leader.  
 Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with Protesilaüs. 710  
 They that at Pheræ dwelt by Boibè's lake, and at Boibè;  
 Glaphyræ too, and men from the stablished city Iolcos;  
 These, with eleven ships, the well-loved son of Admetus,  
 Even Eumelus, led; whom erst, of Pelias' daughters  
 Fairest, the noble lady Alcestis bare to Admetus. 715  
 Dwellers in Thaumaciè, Melibcea and rugged Olizon,—  
 Men of Methonè too,—in command of these Philoctetes,  
 Skilled with the bow, did sail with seven ships; and in each one  
 Fifty for crew there went, all archers valiant in battle. 720  
 Yet was he lying now in the sacred island of Lemnos,  
 Suffering grievous pain; for there had the sons of Achaia  
 Left him, sick from the wound of a deadly hydrus. Afflicted,  
 There did he lie; but soon, beside their ships, were the Argives  
 Destined to bring once more to remembrance king Philoctetes.<sup>4</sup> 725

4. 725. Alluding to the warning of the seer, Helenus, that Troy could only be taken by the help of Philoctetes and his bow.

Sorrowed his people much for their chief ; yet found they a leader—  
 One to command their host—the bastard son of Oileus,  
 Medon, of Rhenè borne to Oileus waster of cities.

They that at Tricca dwelt, and Ithomè, mountain-enthronèd ;  
 Men of Oichalia too, the Oichalian Eurytus' city ; 730  
 Twain were of these the chiefs, the sons of Asclepius,—leeches  
 Skilled in their art,—Podaleirius one, the other Machaon.

Thirty the hollow ships that sailed with these to command them.

Dwellers in Ormenios and beside the fount Hypereia,  
 They of Asterion too, and of Titanos' glistening summits ; 735  
 These Eurypylus led, the illustrious son of Evaimon.

Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with him for their leader.

Men in Gyrtone dwelling, and they that came from Argissa,  
 Orthè, Elonè, too, and the gleaming town Oloösson ;  
 Leader of these there went Polypoites, battle-enduring, 740  
 Offspring of Peirithoüs whose sire was Zeus the immortal :

Peirithoüs begat him of far-famed Hippodameia,  
 E'en on the day when vengeance he took on the race of the Centaurs,  
 Thrusting their shaggy hordes from Pelion ;—yea, and he drave them  
 To the Aithices' land ;—nor went alone Polypoites :

With him in joint command was Leonteus scion of Ares, 745  
 Even Coronus' son the high-souled offspring of Caineus.

Forty the dark-hulled ships that sailed with these to command them.

Twenty and two good ships from Cyphos Gouneus commanded :

He th' Eniënian tribes, and Peraibians battle enduring,  
 Led to the war, e'en dwellers about Dodona the stormy ; 750  
 Holders of farmsteads too by fair Titaresios' waters,  
 Stream of pellucid wave, that joins the stream of Peneios,  
 Yet with the silver-whirling Peneios never doth mingle.

Like unto oil, apart, above his waters he floweth,  
 Since from the river Styx he springs, dread oath unto mortals. 755

Prothoüs swift of foot, Tenthredon's son, the Magnetians—

Dwellers about Peneios, and Pelion mantled with forests—

Led to the war ; and forty the dark-hulled ships he commanded.

Thus have I told the chiefs of the Danaan host and their captains : 760

Now unto me declare, O Muse, of men and of horses

Following Atreus' son, which most excelled ? Of the horses

Those of Pheretiades<sup>5</sup> were best by far ; and Eumelus  
 Drave them ; and swift were they as birds, and matched in their colour,  
 Yea, and in age, and in height across their backs by the measure. 765  
 Both were mares—by Apollo, the god of the bow of silver,  
 Reared in Pereia—and onward they bore the terror of battle.  
 Foremost amid the chiefs by far Telamonian Ajax  
 Stood in renown, whilst lasted Achilles' rage ; for of heroes  
 Bravest of all was he, and best of all were his horses,  
 Steeds that were wont in battle to bear the noble Peleides. 770  
 Yet was Achilles now by his beaked sea-going galleys  
 Biding aloof, enraged with Atreus' son Agamemnon,  
 Shepherd of all the host ; and along the strand of the ocean  
 Sported with javelin-throwing and quoits and bows his retainers.  
 Idle the while their steeds, each one by his chariot standing, 775  
 Munched at the clover-grass and marsh-grown parsley beside them,  
 Whilst in the tents were ranged the well-wrought cars of the chieftains.  
 Listless amidst the camp, their warlike leader regretting,  
 Hither and thither roamed his men, nor joined they the battle.  
 Like unto wasting fire that consumes the land as it passeth, 780  
 Such was the Danaans' march ; and the earth beneath their advancing  
 Groaned, as it groans at the wrath of Zeus who joys in his thunder,  
 When he hath lashed the earth o'er huge Typhœus that lieth,  
 E'en midst Arima's peaks that are called the couch of Typhœus.  
 Heavily thus did groan the earth with the tramp of the squadrons  
 Rapidly crossing the plain ; and soon its space was accomplished. 785  
 Then to the Trojans came there from Zeus a messenger—Iris,  
 Fleet as the wind,—with tidings of woe from the lord of the ægis.  
 They, both youths and elders, were all in council assembled  
 Hard by the gates of Priam ; and near them swift-footed Iris 790  
 Stationed herself, and spoke with voice resembling Polites,  
 Priam's son, who was wont to sit as scout for the Trojans  
 Posted above the tomb of Aisyêtes the aged,  
 Unto his fleetness trusting ; and thence he watched the Achaians,  
 Waiting till he should see them advancing forth from their vessels.  
 Like unto him in form, now spake the swift-footed Iris : 795  
 " Still unto thee, old man, an endless story is pleasing

5. 763. *Pheretiades i.e.*, Eumelus, the grandson of Pheres.

As in the days of peace ; but now hath fallen upon us  
 Battle and war unceasing. In many a combat of heroes  
 Oft have I taken part ; but host so goodly and mighty  
 Never did I behold : nay, e'en like leaves of the forest, 800  
 Or as the sand for number, across the plain they are marching  
 Straight for the city's walls. Thee therefore, chiefest, O Hector,  
 Thus do I charge. Since here, in the spacious city of Priam,  
 Many allies are gathered,—of diverse tongues, and of nations  
 Dwelling asunder far,—see thou that each of the leaders 805  
 Rangeth beneath his orders, and in the battle directeth,  
 None but his own retainers who look to him as their captain."

Spake she, and Hector knew full well the voice of the goddess.  
 Straight he dismissed the council ; and now the warriors thronging  
 Rushed to their arms ; and the gates were opened wide, and from out them  
 Sallied amain both foot and horse, and wild was the uproar. 810

Out in the plain there standeth apart, in the front of the city,  
 Girt with a space all round it, a lofty hill " Batieia "  
 Callèd of men, but of gods " the tomb of the lissome Myrinè : "  
 There the allies of Troy, and the Trojans marshalled their forces. 815  
 Leader of all the Trojans<sup>6</sup> was Hector mighty in battle,  
 Stately with glancing helm, king Priam's son ; and the bravest  
 Far, and the most in number, were Hector's armèd retainers,  
 Eager to wield the spear.

The valiant son of Anchises—  
 Even Aenēas—he of the Dardan tribes was the leader, 820  
 Born unto fair Aphroditè, the goddess-bride of a mortal,  
 Wed in the vales of Ida ; and with him went as his captains  
 Sons of Antenor twain—Archelochus one, and the other  
 Acamas—both well skilled in all devices of warfare.

Men of Zeleia, who dwelt on the lowest ridges of Ida—  
 Troës by race and wealthy—and drank of the dark Aisepos, 825  
 These did Pandarus lead, the glorious son of Lycaon,  
 Taught by Apollo's self the subtle craft of the archer.

Dwellers in Adrasteia, and men from the land of Apaisos ;  
 They that Pityēia held and the mountain steep of Tereia,  
 These did Adrastus lead and Amphius—he that a breastplate 830

6. 816. *Trojans, i.e., as distinguished from the allies.*



Fashioned of linen wore—twain sons of Percosian Merops :  
 Skilled above all was he as a seer, and much he protested,  
 Urging his sons to hold them aloof from murderous warfare ;  
 Yet would they not obey him, for death's dark demons allured them.

Dwellers in Percotè and Practios, Sestos, Abydos, 835  
 Yea, and in sacred Arisbè,—of these was Asius leader,  
 Hyrtacus' son : a prince of men, he came from Arisbè—  
 Asius Hyrtacides—from beside the river Selleis,  
 Borne by his stalwart pair, his steeds of fiery chestnut.

Hippothis did lead the Pelasgians, warrior-spearmen, 840  
 Even the tribes that dwelt in the deep-soiled land of Larissa.  
 These Hippothis led and Pylaius, scion of Ares :  
 Teutamus' grandsons they, their sire Pelasgian Lethus.

Acamas led the Thracians, and Peirothis valiant in battle,  
 Even the men whose coasts the rushing Hellespont boundeth. 845

Chief of the spear-renowned Ciconian tribes was Euphemus,  
 Offspring of Ceos' son, Troizenus, nurtured of heaven.

Men of the curvèd bow—Paionians—these by Pyraichmes  
 Unto the war were led from distant Amydon, dwellers  
 E'en where Axios' stream, broad-flowing, poureth his waters ;  
 Axios, he that is fairest of all earth-watering rivers. 850

Ordered the Paphlagonian tribes Palaimenes, chieftain  
 Rugged of heart. From out the land of the Eneti came they—  
 Nurturing land of mules, wild-bred,—e'en men of Cytoros,  
 Sesamos too, and they that about Parthenios' waters  
 Dwelt in their goodly halls ; and they that inhabited Cromna,  
 Aigialos, and the lofty heights that are called Erythini. 855

Twain were the chiefs who led the Halizonians, summoned  
 Far, from the distant borders of Alybè, birthplace of silver :  
 Odius hight was the one, and the one Epistrophus.

Chromis

Ordered the Mysian host, and Ennomus augur renowned :  
 Nathless shunned he not black fate by his auguries, falling  
 Slain by the hands of Achilles, the swift of foot, in the river, 860  
 E'en in the fight where many another Trojan was slaughtered.<sup>7</sup>

Phorcys the Phrygians led ; and Ascanius, god-like chieftain,

7. 861. Referring to the fight at the river Scamander described in Book xxi.

With him in joint command did go. All eager for battle  
Unto the war they went, from far Ascania summoned.

Led the Mæonian tribes, from beneath the mountains of Tmolos,  
Sons of Talaimenes twain—Mesthles and Antiphus—children 865  
Borne unto him of the nymph in the lake Gygæan who dwelleth.

Nastes the Carians led, a people rugged of language ;  
Men from Miletos these, and the pine-clad mountain of Phthires,  
Yea, and Mæander's waters and Mycalè's towering summits.  
Amphimachus and Nastes of all these tribes were the leaders, 870  
Nastes and Amphimachus, the glorious sons of Nomion.

Like to a girl, in gold attire to the war he<sup>s</sup> betook him,  
Fool that he was ! Nor at all from grievous death did his armour  
Save him ; for he was slain in the river-fight by Achilles,  
Swift of foot ; and his armour of gold the warrior captured. 875

Leading the Lycian tribes Sarpedon and Glaucus the peerless  
Came from afar, from the Lycian land and the eddying Xanthos.

8. 872.—*i.e.*, Amphimachus.

### ARGUMENT TO BOOK III.

THE two hosts being now in battle array on the plain of Scamander, Alexandros (as *Paris* is frequently designated by Homer) comes forward from the Trojan ranks, and calls upon the Argives to send a champion to meet him in single combat.

Menelaüs, the husband of Helen, eagerly accepts the challenge, and advances towards Paris, whose heart now fails him; but he is rallied by Hector, his brother, who then proclaims the terms of the combat, viz. that it shall decide the war, and that Helen and her possessions shall belong to the victor. Heralds are sent to summon King Priam, and to bring the sacrifices necessary for the ratification of the treaty.

Priam, meanwhile, is sitting in council with the elders on the tower of the city walls, at the Scæan gates; and thither Helen comes from the palace to view the combat. In reply to Priam's enquiries, she points out to him the principal chieftains of the Argive host, now in full view from the walls.

On the arrival of the heralds, Priam mounts his chariot, and drives out through the Scæan gates to the plain where the two hosts are arrayed, and the solemn treaty is now duly ratified.

Then the lots are cast to decide which of the two champions shall first hurl his spear, and, the lot falling to Paris, the combat commences, but soon results in his defeat; and Menelaüs is dragging him off in triumph when the goddess Aphroditè comes to the rescue, and enables him to escape unperceived to his palace. Thither the goddess then brings Helen, who at first refuses to go and remonstrates angrily, but at length yields to Aphroditè's threats of her displeasure should she not obey her.

Menelaüs, meanwhile, searches in vain for his enemy amongst the Trojan ranks; nor is any Trojan able to point him out, though all would gladly have done so, and the Book concludes with a formal claim made by Agamemnon for the surrender of Helen and her wealth, and for due compensation, as the result of Menelaüs' victory according to the treaty.

### BOOK III.

THEN, when all were arrayed, the several tribes with their leaders,  
Onward the Trojans came with a bird-like clamour and shouting ;  
Like to the clamour of cranes, that along the heavens resoundeth,  
Fleeing the coming blasts and the rain-squalls dire of the winter.  
Straight for the ocean-streams their flight with clamour directing, 5  
Slaughter and imminent death they bring to the race of the Pygmies,  
E'en with the morning mists the deadly combat provoking.  
Silently, breathing valour, the while advanced the Achaians,  
Eager in soul each man to aid his comrades in battle.

E'en as the south wind bringeth a mist o'er the peaks of a mountain, 10  
Unto the shepherd hateful, but better than night for the robber,—  
When but a stone's throw from him a man may see for the denseness,—  
Thus, from beneath the feet of the squadrons marching to battle,  
Thickly the dust-cloud rose, and the plain they rapidly traversed.

But, when at length they both drew near, to the onset advancing, 15  
Forth Alexandros came as the Trojans' champion, god-like,  
Wearing upon his shoulders a panther's skin, and his curvèd  
Bow, and his falchion slung : in his hands two spears did he brandish  
Headed with brass : and thus he challenged the host of the Argives,  
Calling upon their bravest in mortal combat to meet him 20  
Hand unto hand. But when Menelaüs, belovèd of Ares,  
Saw him with mighty strides in front of the army advancing,  
Then, as a lion finding the carcass huge of an ibex,  
Or of a hornèd stag, rejoiceth, when he is hungered :  
Greedily he devours it, although swift dogs be pursuing 25  
Followed by lusty youths : e'en thus rejoiced Menelaüs

When with his eyes he saw the god-like Paris ; for surely  
 Now would he take revenge on the base seducer. And straightway  
 Down to the ground he leapt from his chariot, clad in his armour.  
 Stricken at heart was Paris the god-like, when he beheld him, 30  
 There, 'mid the champions foremost ; and back to the ranks of his comrades  
 Shrank he, avoiding death. As, 'midst the glades of a mountain,  
 Backward a man doth start who seeth a serpent ; and trembling  
 Seizes his limbs, and pallor his cheeks ; and swift he retreateth : 35  
 So did the god-like Paris retire 'mid the lordly Trojans,  
 Losing himself in the throng, o'ercome with dread of Atræides.  
 Him when Hector beheld, he rebuked with scornful reproaches :  
 " Wretched, in noblest guise of comeliness, Paris—seducer—  
 Mad in pursuit of women ! I would to heaven that either  
 Never hadst thou been born, or, born, hadst perished unwedded : 40  
 Such were my wish ; yea, better by far than thus to be living  
 Unto thy race a reproach, and of all thy comrades suspected.  
 Verily now I ween, are the long-haired men of Achaia  
 Jeering at us, and saying a prince for our champion took we  
 Only that he was fair in form : but of strength and of courage 45  
 Utterly void is thy soul. And was it thou that didst gather  
 Comrades trusty, and sailedst the deep in thy sea-going galleys—  
 Converse with strangers holding—and broughtest a beauteous woman  
 Home from a far-off land, e'en one that was joined in her marriage  
 Unto heroic men ? A bane to thy sire and the city,  
 Aye, and to all our people she came ; a cause of rejoicing 50  
 Unto thy foes, but to thine own self the brand of dishonour.  
 Darest thou not to meet Menelaüs, beloved of Ares ?  
 Surely thou soon wouldst learn his worth whose beauteous consort  
 Thou to thyself hast taken ; and nought thy lyre will avail thee,  
 Nought Aphrodite's gifts,—those locks—that grace,—as thou liest 55  
 Grovelling 'midst the dust. Too qualmish, in sooth, are the Trojans ;  
 Else thou hadst donned ere now the robe of stone<sup>1</sup> thou deservedst."  
 Then unto him made answer the god-like chief Alexandros :  
 " Hear my defence, O Hector, for thou hast justly rebuked me ;  
 Ever a heart unflinching is thine, yea, like to a hatchet 60  
 Cleaving its way through timber, by skilful hands of the workman

1. 57, *i.e.*, Wouldst have been stoned to death.

Wielded, as he some beam for a ship doth fashion,—its keenness  
 Aiding the workman's strength,—e'en so thy spirit is ever  
 Dauntless within thy breast. The gifts Aphroditè the golden  
 Hath upon me bestowed, with these thou should'st not reproach me :  
 Not to be cast aside are the glorious gifts the immortals 65  
 Grant of their own free will ; else none could ever attain them  
 Strive as they might ; but now, if thou dost will that in battle  
 I should contend, make thou the rest sit down in their places,  
 Trojans and Argives both. Menelaüs, beloved of Ares,  
 Then shall ye set in the midst with me, for single encounter,  
 Helen and all her wealth the prize ; and he that prevaiileth— 70  
 Proving himself the better in fight—let him her possessions  
 All, with herself bear off to his home, as rightly beseemeth :  
 So shall the hosts make peace with solemn oaths, and the Trojans  
 Dwell in their deep-soiled Troy—our foes returning to Argos  
 Pasturing land of steeds, and Achaia the home of the lovely." 75

Spake he, and Hector greatly rejoiced at hearing his purpose :  
 Seeking the Trojan centre he marshalled back their battalions,  
 Ranging the line with his spear grasped half-way down ; and the Trojans  
 All were seated ; but now the long-haired men of Achaia  
 Aimed at him with their arrows, and stones they showered upon him. 80  
 Shouted aloud forthwith the king of men Agamemnon :  
 " Hold, ye Argives, hold ! Cease throwing, sons of Achaia !  
 He of the glancing helm, great Hector, seeks to harangue us."

Spake he, and promptly now they ceased to fight, and in silence  
 Waited ; and Hector stood between the hosts and harangued them : 85  
 " Harken to me ye Trojans, and ye well-greavèd Achaians ;  
 Whilst Alexandros' words—whose fault did cause our contention—  
 I shall unfold. He biddeth the rest, both Trojans and Argives  
 All, on the fertile earth lay down their beauteous armour,  
 Whilst, in the midst alone, Menelaüs dear unto Ares 90  
 Fighteth with him for Helen and all her wealth ; and the victor—  
 He that shall prove the better in fight—let him her possessions  
 Take, and herself bear off to his home, as rightly beseemeth :  
 So shall the hosts make peace, with solemn pledges of friendship."

Spake he, and silence reigned throughout the hosts. Menelaüs, 95  
 Good at the war-cry, then did speak, and thus he harangued them :  
 " Now unto me, I pray, give hearing, seeing that sorrow

Most upon me doth fall ; yet do I deem that the Argives  
 Unto an end at last have brought their war with the Trojans.  
 Much have ye all endured for sake of me, in the quarrel 100  
 Paris began : but now, whiche'er of us is appointed  
 Unto his doom, let death be his ;—thus soonest shall warfare  
 Come to an end, and ye disperse and homeward betake you.  
 Let there be hither brought two lambs—one white, and the other  
 Black—for an offering unto the earth and sun ; and another  
 We unto Zeus will offer. And hither the sovereign Priam 105  
 Summon, that he himself our solemn treaty may sanction,—  
 Seeing his sons are haughty and faithless,—lest it should happen  
 E'en that the oaths of Zeus should suffer wrongful transgression.  
 Fickle of purpose ever are young men's minds ; but an elder,  
 Sharing their counsels, looketh at once both forward and backward,  
 So to discern the path that for either side shall be safest." 110

Spake he, and glad were they at his words, both Trojans and Argives,  
 Deeming that now would come the end of sorrowful warfare :  
 Straightway their steeds they checked and formed in line ; and, descending  
 Forth from their chariots, doffed their arms, and near to each other  
 Laid them upon the ground ; and small was the space intervening. 115  
 Then two heralds in haste did Hector send to the city,  
 Bidding them bring the lambs, and bear the summons to Priam.  
 Unto the hollow ships meanwhile did king Agamemnon  
 Send Talthybius forth, to bring the lamb for the offering :  
 Quickly he went his way, the god-like chieftain obeying. 120

Then to the white-armed Helen there came a messenger, Iris,  
 Like unto Laodicè, of Priam's daughters the fairest,  
 Sister-in-law unto Helen and spouse of the son of Antenor,  
 Her whom Antenor's son, the prince Helicaon, had wedded.  
 Weaving within the palace was Helen found by the goddess, 125  
 Working a mighty web of purple hue, and of texture  
 Double, whereon she wrought full many a furious contest,  
 Battles of steed-famed Trojans and brazen-harnessed Achaïans,  
 Even the toils that at Ares' hands for her they had suffered.  
 Iris, the swift of foot, stood near, and thus she addressed her :  
 " Hither, I pray thee come, dear lady ; so shalt thou witness 130  
 Deeds that are passing strange. The brazen-harnessed Achaïans,  
 Yea, and the steed-famed Trojans, that erst in rueful encounter

Met on the plain,—each host intent on murderous warfare,—  
 Now have they sate them down at rest, and battle hath ceasèd :  
 Warriors lean on their shields, their tall spears standing beside them, 135  
 Whilst Alexandros meeteth the warlike chief Menelaüs,  
 Spear against spear in fight, with thee for prize to the victor—  
 E'en to be named his spouse, whiche'er shall win in the contest."

Thus as the goddess spake, a longing sweet she imparted  
 Into the soul of Helen for him that erst was her husband, 140  
 Yea, and for home and parents. In shining raiment of linen  
 Straightway she veiled her face, and hastened forth from the chamber,  
 Shedding a gentle tear—her maidens twain in attendance,  
 Clymenè, large of eye, and Aithrè, daughter of Pittheus.  
 Soon to the Scæan gates they came, where, gathered in council, 145  
 Found they the friends of Priam, of Panthoüs too and Thymoites ;  
 Lampus' and Clytius' henchmen, and eke Hyketäon's retainers,  
 Scion of Ares' line ; Oucalegon too and Antenor,  
 Sages in council both. All these, being elders, were seated  
 Hard by the Scæan gates, since age now kept them from battle : 150  
 Yet were they good at speech ; yea, e'en like grasshoppers seemed they,  
 Chirping with slender voice from some tall tree of the forest.  
 Such were the Trojan leaders that here on the tower were seated,  
 Who, when now they beheld fair Helen towards them advancing,  
 Softly, in wingèd words, spake thus the one to the other : 155  
 "Nought can we blame the Trojans, or well-greaved men of Achaia,  
 Suffering hardships long for one so matchless in beauty !  
 Wondrous like the immortal gods in face she appeareth !  
 Nathless let her depart, though fair she be, with the Argives,  
 Rather than here remain unto us—yea, e'en to our children— 160  
 Ever to prove a curse."

Such words they spake ; but to Helen  
 Priam aloud did call : "Come hither, daughter belovèd ;  
 Sit thou in front of me, thy former husband and kinsmen  
 So to behold, and the friends that once were thine ; for I blame no  
 Thee, but the gods who caused this tearful war with Achaia. 165  
 Tell me, I pray thee now, this huge Achaian chieftain  
 Who may he be, this man so grand and noble to look on ?  
 Others there are in sooth by a head his stature exceeding,  
 Yet so goodly a man, so royal-seeming a chieftain,



Never did I behold : nay, like to a king he appeareth." 170  
 Then unto Priam spake the lady Helen in answer :  
 " Thou my respect and fear, loved father, ever commandest.  
 Would I had sought grim death on the self-same day that I followed  
 Hither thy son, and left my home and kindred, and daughter  
 Tender in years, and all my girlhood's lovely companions ! 175  
 Thus was it not ordained, and thus in tears am I pining.  
 Now will I tell thee all whereof thou makest enquiry :  
 Yonder is Atreus' son, of wide domain, Agamemnon,  
 Doubly renowned—a mighty king, and valiant in battle ;  
 Brother was he—yea, once he was—of me, the depravèd." 180  
 Such were her words, and the old man spake, with wonder beholding :  
 " Happy Atreides, born to a blessed fate and to fortune  
 Glorious, since thy potent sway the sons of Achaia  
 Countless in number own. To vine-clad Phrygia's borders  
 Lately I went, and there I saw the Phrygian horsemen, 185  
 Riders of well-trained steeds, the hosts that followed with Otreus,  
 Yea, and with god-like Mygdon. Beside Sangarios' waters,  
 Thronging his banks, they lay encamped ; (for then in alliance  
 Counted was I with these, what time the Amazons—warlike  
 Even as men—attacked us ; ) and, vast albeit in numbers,  
 Nathless, fewer were they than the keen-eyed men of Achaia." 190  
 Seeing Odysseus next, the old man spake unto Helen :  
 " Tell me of this man too, I pray, dear daughter—the chieftain  
 Less by a head in stature than Atreus' son Agamemnon,  
 Yet, in the chest and shoulders, of mould more massive. His armour  
 Lies on the bounteous earth, whilst he the serried battalions, 195  
 Like to a well-trained ram, doth range. In shaggy adornment  
 Thus, 'mid a huge white flock of ewes, their leader advanceth."  
 Then did the child of Zeus her answer make unto Priam :  
 " This is Laërtes' son, Odysseus of many devices, 200  
 He that in Ithaca's land—the bleak and rugged—was nurtured,  
 Skilful in crafty wiles and schemes of cunning contrivance."  
 Then unto Helen spake the sage Antenor in answer :  
 " Lady, in very sooth 'tis true, the word thou hast spoken :  
 Hither, as envoy, once there came the god-like Odysseus, 205  
 Treating for thy return ; and with him came Menelaüs  
 Dear unto Ares. Then 'twas mine with friendly reception

These in my hall to welcome; and thus their form and their features  
 Learnt I, and their sagacious minds. But when in assembly  
 They with the Trojans mixed, then o'er them all Menelaüs  
 Towered as they stood, his shoulders broad o'er-topping the others; 210  
 Whilst of the twain, when seated, the statelier seemèd Odysseus.  
 When they began in assembly their web of words and of counsels  
 Deftly to weave, Menelaüs then with utterance rapid  
 Spoke in a voice both loud and clear, yet briefly; for neither  
 Prolix was he, nor rambling, although in years he was younger. 215  
 Howbeit, when up rose Odysseus of many devices,  
 Stood he, with downcast eyes, the ground intently beholding;  
 Nor did he backwards move his staff nor forwards, but ever  
 Fixedly held it still, like witless wight, that he seemèd  
 Churlish and void of sense. But when, in accents sonorous, 220  
 Forth from his chest he threw his voice, with words that incessant  
 Fell in the storm of speech like snow-flakes falling in winter,  
 Then was there orator none could hold his own with Odysseus."

Next, with a third enquiry, the old man, looking at Ajax, 225  
 Questioned her: "Who may be this other Achaian chieftain,  
 Valiant and tall of stature, his head and his massive shoulders  
 Towering above the Argives?"

To him then Helen the peerless,  
 Bright in her trailing robe, replied: "The Achaians' bulwark,  
 Ajax the huge, is this; and there, in the midst of the Cretans, 230  
 Like to a god, Idomeneus stands; and round him are gathered  
 Warrior-chiefs of Crete. Him often of yore Menelaüs,  
 Dear unto Ares, welcomed within our home, as he voyaged  
 Thither from Crete. And now the keen-eyed men of Achaia  
 All are within my view, e'en they whom well I remember, 235  
 Yea, and their names could tell: but two there are of the leaders,  
 Castor, tamer of steeds, and the boxer famed Polydeuces,—  
 Brothers of mine, yea e'en of the self-same mother conceivèd,—  
 These can I not discern. Perchance from fair Lacedæmon  
 Hither they never came; or, borne in the sea-going galleys 240  
 Came they, but yet were loth to mix in the onset of battle,  
 Fearing the taunts that on me are cast, and the many reproaches."

Thus spake Helen: but them long since in far Lacedæmon,  
 E'en in their native land, the life-giving earth had entombèd.

Meanwhile traversed the city the heralds, bearing the offerings— 245  
 Pledges of truce—two lambs, and generous wine in a goat-skin,  
 Fruit of the teeming earth. And a shining bowl did the herald,  
 Even Idaius, bring, with golden goblets; and standing  
 Near to the aged king, he essayed with words to arouse him:  
 “Son of Laomedon, rise! For the foremost men of the Trojans, 250  
 Tamers of steeds, and the chiefs of the brazen-harnessed Achaians,  
 Unto the plain invite thee a solemn treaty to sanction;  
 Whilst Alexandros meeteth the warlike chief Menelaüs,  
 Spear against spear in fight, for the lady Helen contending;  
 She and her wealth to go unto him that proveth the victor. 255  
 So may the hosts make peace with solemn oaths, and the Trojans  
 Dwell in their deep-soiled Troy,—our foes returning to Argos,  
 Pasturing land of steeds, and Achaia the home of the lovely.”

Shuddered the aged king at his words, and bade his companions  
 Harness the steeds; nor were they slow to obey him; and Priam 260  
 Mounted, and tightened the reins as towards him backward he drew them,  
 Whilst to the beauteous car Antenor mounted beside him.  
 Thus through the Scæan gates they drove the swift-footed horses,  
 Down to the plain. But when they reached the Trojans and Argives,  
 Quitting the car they stepped on the bounteous earth, and betook them— 265  
 Marching in stately form—to the space that severed the armies.  
 Rose forthwith Agamemnon, the king of men; and Odysseus,  
 Subtle of mind, up rose; and now the glorious heralds  
 Gathered the sacred victims, to pledge their solemn agreement,  
 Whilst in the bowl they mixed the wine. Then water they sprinkled 270  
 Over the hands of the kings; and, drawing his knife, that he carried  
 Ever beside his sword's huge sheath suspended, Atreides  
 Cut from the heads of the lambs their wool, which straightway the heralds  
 Parted amongst the chieftains of both the Trojans and Argives.  
 Then, with uplifted hands, his solemn prayer did Atreides 275  
 Offer before them all:

“O Zeus, great father, who rulest  
 Thronèd on Ida's summit, in might and glory exceeding,  
 Witness; and thou, O Sun, who all things seest and hearest,  
 Rivers and Earth, and Powers beneath who on the departed—  
 Mortals of life out-worn—take vengeance if they are perjured;  
 Now do ye all bear witness, and guard our solemn engagement. 280

If Alexandros slay Menelaüs, straightway of Helen  
 Let him possession take with all her riches, and homeward  
 We in our sea-going ships will sail. But if Menelaüs—  
 He of the golden locks—prove victor, then shall the Trojans 285  
 Helen, with all she hath, restore; and pay to the Argives  
 Recompense meet, that ever shall stand with men for a quittance.  
 But, should Priam and Priam's sons hold back from the payment,  
 Though Alexandros fall, then here stay I to exact it, 290  
 Fighting until at last I attain the end of the warfare."

Spake he, and cut the throats of the lambs with the pitiless weapon:  
 Then on the ground, all gasping as ebb'd their life, did he lay them,  
 Reft of their strength by the blade; and forth from the bowl with the  
 goblets

Drawing the wine, libation now they made with entreaty 295  
 Unto the gods everlasting; and thus both Trojans and Argives  
 Uttered their solemn prayer: "O Zeus, most glorious, greatest,  
 Thee, and the rest of the gods immortal call we to witness!  
 Grant that, whoe'er shall first transgress the oaths of the compact,  
 Scattered upon the ground may be their brains and their children's,  
 Even as now this wine, and their wives by strangers be ravished." 300

Such was their prayer, but as yet would not Cronion affirm it.  
 Then did the Dardan Priam in speech harangue the assembly:  
 "Hearken to me, ye Trojans, and ye well-greav'd Achaians:  
 Hence will I now depart, and to wind-beat Ilios get me, 305  
 Seeing that I could ill endure the sight of the conflict,  
 Witnessing son of mine with the brave Menelaüs contending.  
 Zeus, I ween, doth know, and the rest of the gods everlasting  
 Which of the twain it be for whom Death's doom is appointed."

Thus having said, forthwith the lambs did the god-like chieftain 310  
 Place in the car, and mounted; and now with tightening fingers  
 Grasped he the reins; and straightway beside him mounted Antenor  
 Into the goodly car, and to Ilios back they departed.

Then did Hector, the son of Priam, and god-like Odysseus  
 Measure the ground for battle; and next in a brazen helmet 315  
 Placing the lots, they shook them, the issue so to determine  
 Which of the warriors first should hurl his spear. And the people  
 Prayed with uplifted hands to the gods, both Trojans and Argives:  
 "Zeus, great father,—who rulest with strength and glory exceeding, 320

Thronèd on Ida's height,—whiche'er did cause the afflictions  
Suffered by both our hosts, may he go down into Hades  
Reft of his life, whilst peace be ours with pledges unbroken ! ”

Such was the prayer they made : and now the warrior Hector,  
Stately with glancing crest, did shake the helmet, behind him  
Looking the while ; and quickly the lot of Paris from out it 325  
Leapt ; and the hosts sate down in ranks, each warrior-chieftain  
Near to his high-stepping steeds, his emblazoned armour beside him.  
Then did the god-like Paris, the consort of bright-haired Helen,  
Don his resplendent mail, and about his shoulders secured it :  
First, on his legs he fixed the comely greaves, that were fashioned 330  
Defly with ankle-plates of silver. Next, with a corslet  
Fitting him closely—albeit his brother's, even Lycaon's—  
Decked he his breast, and his sword of brass, all studded with silver,  
Over his shoulders flung, and his shield both huge and durand. 335  
Then on his stalwart head his goodly helmet he fitted,  
Topped with the horse-hair plume that waved all dreadful above it,  
Whilst with his hands the spear, to his grasp well-suited, he wielded.  
Likewise thus in his armour the brave Menelaüs arrayed him.

So, 'mid the throng on either side, they armed for the combat ; 340  
Then they advanced mid-way between the Trojans and Argives,  
Fierce in their look : and wonder seized on all who beheld them,  
Trojans, tamers of steeds, and well-greaved men of Achaia.  
Near to each other then, in the space marked out for the combat,  
Stood they ; and each his javelin shook with menacing fury. 345  
First Alexandros, hurling his spear long-shadowing, drave it  
Full on the orbèd shield of Atreides ; nor did the weapon  
Pierce ; for its point was turned on the stubborn shield. Menelaüs,  
Even Atreides, next with spear up-raised, to the onset  
Rushed ; and to father Zeus appealing made his entreaty : 350  
“ Grant, unto me, king Zeus, on the god-like chief Alexandros  
Now my revenge to take—since he it was who did wrong me  
First—and beneath my hands do thou subdue him in battle !  
So, to remotest times, shall men take warning, and tremble  
Ere they shall wrong their host, who them hath kindly entreated.”

Spake he, and poising aloft his spear long-shadowing, hurled it 355  
Full on the orbèd shield of Priam's son ; and the weapon  
Ponderous went right through the shining shield, and the breast-plate

Cunningly wrought did pierce ; and its point divided the tunic  
 Close to his flank : but, bending aside, dark fate he avoided. 360  
 Drawing his falchion now, all silver-studded, Atreides  
 Raised it, and smote the ridge of his foeman's helm ; but upon it  
 Shattered, in fragments three—nay, four—the blade of the weapon  
 Fell from his hand, and loudly the son of Atreus lamented,  
 Fixing his gaze intent on the spacious heavens above him :  
 " Surely, O father Zeus, of the gods most pitiless art thou ! 365  
 Now had I thought to avenge the wrongs that Paris hath done me ;  
 Yet in my hands the sword hath broken short, and my javelin  
 Forth from my grasp hath sped in vain, nor quelled is my foeman."  
 Spake he, and rushed at Paris, and seized the plume of his helmet,  
 Swinging him round ; and towards the well-greaved host of Achaia 370  
 Dragged him ; and choked was he by the strap that, richly embroidered,  
 Under the chin was fastened to hold his helmet, and tightly  
 Pressed on his tender throat. And now his foe had Atreides  
 Captured, and won renown untold ; but straight Aphroditè  
 Daughter of Zeus perceived him, and broke the strap that of ox-hide, 375  
 E'en from a slaughtered<sup>2</sup> ox, was made ; and empty the helmet  
 Came in his vigorous hand : and anon the warrior flung it,  
 Whirling it round, to the ranks of the well-greaved men of Achaia.  
 There was the helmet kept by the hero's trusty retainers,  
 Whilst on his foe he turned to spring, all eager to slay him,  
 Grasping his brazen spear. But lightly now Aphroditè 380  
 Snatched him from off the field, as a goddess may, and enwrapped him  
 Sudden in mist opaque, and set him down in his chamber,  
 Fragrant of odours rare. Then went the goddess to summon  
 Helen ; and her she found on the lofty tower, and round her  
 Thronged were the Trojan women. Anon at her perfumed raiment 385  
 Caught she, and shook its folds and spake, the likeness assuming  
 E'en of an ancient dame who erst, in far Lacedæmon,  
 Carded her wool for Helen, and most by her was beloved.  
 Like unto her in form thus spake divine Aphroditè :  
 " Come thou away ; for, lo, to his halls doth Paris invite thee. 390  
 There, on his fair-wrought couch in his chamber, now he reclineth,

2. 376. *A slaughtered ox, i.e., made of the strongest leather, as distinguished from the hide of an ox dying from disease.*

Radiant both in his beauty and vesture ; nor wouldst thou deem him  
Lately returned from the fight : nay rather ready he seemeth  
Unto the dance to repair, or, fresh from the dance, to be resting."

Spake she, and deeply stirred was the soul of Helen within her. 395

Quickly she then perceived the neck, transcendent in beauty,  
Yea, and the ravishing breast and the sparkling eyes of the goddess ;  
Marvelling much, she called her by name and straightway addressed her :  
" Why art thou striving thus, O wondrous queen, to beguile me ?

Is it that thou some-whither—to Phrygia's populous cities, 400

Or to Mæonia fair—wilt lead me on, to a country

Where some darling of thine 'midst men speech-gifted is dwelling ?

Yea, it is even thus : since now Menelaüs hath vanquished

God-like Paris, and chooseth to take me homeward, accursèd,

Therefore art thou come hither with guileful purpose. To Paris 405

Get thee, and sit beside him, thy path amidst the immortals

Leaving ; and turn not back any more with thy feet to Olympus.

Rather for his sake fret thee for ever, and carefully guard him

Till thou become his wife, or perchance for his slave he shall take thee.

Thither will I not go to array his couch ; for a scandal 410

Grievous it were ; and me the Trojan women hereafter

All will reproach, though even now my sorrows are endless."

Wrathful, to her then spake Aphroditè, glorious goddess :

" Rash one, vex me no more, lest I in anger forsake thee,

Yea, and to hatred turn the exceeding love I have borne thee ; 415

Then, 'mid the grievous feuds, that between the Trojans and Argives

I should devise, perchance in an evil plight wouldst thou perish."

Spake she, and Helen, the child of Zeus, with terror was stricken :

Wrapped in a shining robe of white, and led by the goddess,

Silent she went her way, of the Trojan women unheeded. 420

Reaching the beauteous dwelling of Paris, straightway her maidens

Turned to their several tasks, and the noble lady betook her

Unto the high-roofed chamber. And now did the mirth-loving goddess,

E'en Aphroditè, bring with her hands a seat, and for Helen

Placed it in front of Paris ; and straightway, near to her consort, 425

Seated herself thereon the child of the lord of the ægis.

Then, with averted eyes, in taunting words she reproached him :

" Back from the war hast thou come ! Would heaven that there thou hadst  
perished,

Slain by the valiant chief who in days of old was my husband !  
 Nay, it was once thy boast that in strength of arm, and in prowess 430  
 Hurling the spear, thou didst surpass Menelaüs the warlike :  
 Challenge him then, forthwith to renew the combat. But hearken  
 Rather to me, nor lightly engage in single encounter,  
 Neither again do battle with golden-haired Menelaüs, 435  
 Lest, by his spear subdued, a speedy fate should o'ertake thee."

Then unto her spake Paris in answer : " Spare to reproach me,  
 Lady, with cruel words that wound my soul. Menelaüs  
 Now, by Athenè's aid hath won ; but haply hereafter  
 I shall prevail, since gods on our side too are enlisted. 440  
 Now to the couch repair we, with dalliance sweet to delight us,  
 Seeing that never before did love so fetter my senses ;  
 Nay, not e'en at the time when first, from fair Lacedæmon,  
 Bearing thee off, I sailed in my sea-going galleys, and converse  
 Held on the couch with thee in the isle of Cranaë. Nathless 445  
 Now do I love thee more, and sweet desire doth enthral me."  
 Spake he, and led the way, and with him followed his consort.

So, on the polished couch they laid them down ; but Atreides,  
 Like to a beast of prey, strode through the ranks of the Trojans,  
 Searching amidst the throng for the god-like chief Alexandros. 450  
 Yet, of the sons of Troy and the famed allies of the Trojans,  
 Never a man there was could show the brave Menelaüs  
 Where was his foe ; albeit 'twas not for love they concealed him,  
 Seeing that he by all, e'en like dark death, was abhorrèd.  
 Then did the king of men, Agamemnon, speak and harangue them : 455

"Trojans and Dardans, hear me, and ye allies of the Trojans :  
 Plain is it now Menelaüs, the loved of Ares, hath conquered ;  
 Therefore do ye surrender the Argive Helen, and with her  
 All that is hers, and pay such fine as duly beseemeth—  
 Such as in after times may stand with men for a quittance." 460  
 Thus did Atreides speak, and shouted assent the Achaians.



### *ARGUMENT TO BOOK IV.*

THE gods being assembled in council, Zeus proposes that they shall now bring the war to an end by causing the terms of the treaty to be duly observed, so that the siege of Ilios shall be raised, and Helen return to Argos with Menelaüs. This proposal, however, is highly displeasing to Hera and Athenè, who are bent on the destruction of the city of Priam; and Hera, protesting warmly against it, at length prevails on Zeus to cause the treaty to be broken by the Trojans, in order to bring about the continuance of the war.

Zeus accordingly commissions Athenè to this effect, and she forthwith incites Pandarus to shoot at Menelaüs, who is wounded by his arrow.

Agamemnon, at first supposing the wound to be mortal, is deeply moved—by fears for his brother's life, and indignation at the treachery of the Trojans. He gives vent to his feelings in a noble speech, and then immediately bestirs himself to renew the battle, visiting each of the various forces of which his army is composed, and inciting their chieftains to vigorous action.

The Danaans are at length ranged in a long line of columns, and advance in silence against the foe, whilst the Trojans march forward to meet them with much noise and confusion of tongues.

Then the battle commences; and the description of its first stage brings the Book to a conclusion.

## BOOK IV.

Thus in the halls of Zeus the gods were holding assembly,  
Seated around the golden floor ; whilst Hebe, amidst them  
Moving with stately grace, their nectar poured : and in goblets  
Golden they pledged each other, their gaze towards Ilios turning.  
Then did the son of Cronos essay to rouse unto anger 5  
Hera, with bitter words and speech invidious : " Truly  
Goddesses twain there are that are pledged to help Menelaüs ;  
Hera, of Argos queen, and Alalcomenëan Athenè ;  
Yet do they sit aloof, and delight in watching the combat,  
Whilst at her hero's side Aphroditè, mirth-loving goddess, 10  
Ever doth stand, and driveth away the fates that assail him,  
Saving him even now from death that imminent seemèd.  
Since Menelaüs the warlike hath proved the victor in battle,  
Now doth it rest with us to decide events that shall follow ;  
Whether disastrous war and the battle's terrible tumult 15  
Rouse we anew, or bring the hosts to peaceful agreement.  
If unto all the gods such counsel haply were pleasing,  
Verily now might stand king Priam's city and flourish,  
Whilst Menelaüs homeward should fare with Helen of Argos."  
Spake he, and thereat murmured the twain, Athenè and Hera, 20  
E'en as they sate hard by, devising ills for the Trojans.  
Silent and sorely enraged with father Zeus was Athenè,  
Neither a word she spake ; for savage fury possessed her.  
Hera the while, in her breast restraining not her resentment,  
Spake unto Zeus aloud : " Most terrible offspring of Cronos,  
What strange speech is thine ? How comes it now that thou wilt 25

Fruitless to make the sweat of my brow, and my labour to frustrate ;  
 E'en what time, with my wearied steeds, I painfully laboured  
 Calling the hosts together, to be for a curse unto Priam,  
 Yea, and to Priam's sons? But work thy will as thou choosest :  
 Yet will the rest of the gods not all applaud thy devices."

Mightily wrathful then the Cloud-compeller addressed her : 30  
 "Madly perverse ! What ills at Priam's hands dost thou suffer,  
 Or from his sons, that thou with relentless vehemence ragest,  
 Striving to bring fair Ilios' towers to ruin and pillage ?  
 Couldst thou within her gates and lofty battlements enter,  
 There on the flesh of Priam and Priam's sons to regale thee, 35  
 Yea, and of all the Trojans—a raw-served feast—peradventure  
 Sated would be thy rage ! But work thy will as thou choosest,  
 Lest this quarrel of ours 'twixt thee and me should hereafter  
 Turn to a mighty feud. Yet weigh thou well, and remember  
 This that I now shall tell thee : whene'er I too in the future  
 Choose to destroy and sack some city, where there are dwelling 40  
 Men that are dear unto thee, seek not my fury to hinder  
 Neither to thwart my will ; since I, though sorely reluctant,  
 Freely to thee have yielded. Beneath the sun, and the heavens  
 Spangled at night with stars, doth lie full many a city  
 Where there are mortals dwelling ; but sacred Ilios ever 45  
 Chiefest within my heart was held in honour ; and Priam,  
 Mighty with ashen spear in fight, and the people of Priam ;  
 Seeing that never was lack of the equal feast on my altar,  
 Offered in meat and drink, such rites as duly are paid us."

Spake unto him in answer the large-eyed sovereign Hera : 50  
 "Cities to me most dear are three—wide-streeted Mycenæ,  
 Argos, and Sparta. These, whene'er to thy soul they are hateful,  
 Spare not at all, but destroy. I stand not forth to defend them,  
 Nor do I grudge thy pleasure ; for, even were I to grudge it,  
 Yea, and forbade thee lay them waste, yet nought should I compass, 55  
 Seeing that thou, of a truth, in might dost greatly surpass me.  
 Still it behoves thee not to make my toil unavailing,  
 Since of the gods am I, of the self-same lineage nurtured  
 Even as thou ; and me did the crooked-counselling Cronos  
 Destine to two-fold honour, as eldest born and as consort 60  
 Wedded to thee, who reignest a king 'midst all the immortals.

Howbeit yield we now in this, the one to the other,  
 I unto thee and thou unto me ; and so the immortals,  
 Even the rest of the gods, shall side with us. To Athenè  
 Give thy commands forthwith that she shall enter the battle,  
 Led by the war-shout fierce of the men of Troy and Achaia ; 65  
 There to essay that the Trojans, in spite of oaths and of treaty,  
 First the attack shall make on the over-weening Achaians."

Spake she, nor disobeyed her the sire of gods and of mortals.  
 Uttering wingèd words he straightway spake to Athenè :  
 "Haste to the field where lie the hosts of Troy and Achaia, 70  
 There to essay that the Trojans, in spite of oaths and of treaty,  
 First the attack shall make on the over-weening Achaians."

Spake he, and roused Athenè, already bent on her mission :  
 Down from the peaks of Olympus she sprang, like meteor flashing  
 Sent by the son of Cronos, the crookèd-schemer, for portent 75  
 Either to men at sea or to hosts for battle extended,  
 Scattering many a spark as down from heaven it falleth :  
 Such was her flashing form as earthward Pallas Athenè  
 Darted, and leapt amidst them ; and wonder seized the beholders,  
 Even the Trojan horsemen and well-greaved men of Achaia. 80  
 Looked they on one another, and spake : "Now hideous warfare  
 Surely will be renewed, and the terrible din of the battle ;  
 Or, peradventure Zeus, who war dispenseth to mortals,  
 Now doth ordain that peace between the hosts be established."

Thus unto one another they spake, Achaians and Trojans. 85  
 Then in the form of Antenor's son Laodocus—spearman  
 Valiant and strong—down into the crowded lines of the Trojans  
 Pallas Athenè came in quest of Pandarus. Straightway  
 Found she Lycaon's son, the god-like, noble and valiant ;  
 Standing was he, and about him the sturdy ranks of his comrades— 90  
 Shield-armed warriors—stood, who came from the streams of Aisepos.  
 Placing herself at his side, in wingèd words she addressed him :  
 "Wilt thou obey my voice, thou warrior son of Lycaon ?  
 Boldly a swift-winged shaft shoot thou to smite Menelaüs :  
 So wouldst thou favour win, and praise in the eyes of the Trojans 95  
 All, and, chiefest of all, in the eyes of prince Alexandros.  
 Yea, with glorious gifts would he be first to reward thee  
 If he should see Menelaüs, the warrior offspring of Atreus

Borne to the grievous pyre, by thy keen archery stricken.  
Haste thee, and aim forthwith to smite far-famed Menelaüs ; 100  
Praying with vows that thou wilt a noble hecatomb offer,  
Perfect, of firstling lambs, when thy return is accomplished,  
When thou shalt reach thy home, the sacred city Zeleia.”  
Such were Athenè's words, and his foolish mind was persuaded.  
Stripped he anon his polished bow, of horn of an ibex, 105  
E'en of a mountain goat, which he himself had aforesaid  
Struck in the breast from beneath, as forth from a rock it was springing—  
Whilst in his hiding-place he lay in wait—and had pierced it  
Full in the chest, that backward at once on the rock it had fallen.  
Sixteen palms<sup>1</sup> in length were the horns that sprang from its forehead,  
Which by a cunning smith were trimmed, and deftly together 110  
Fitted, and polished smooth, with a golden tip for the bow-string.  
Such was the bow ; and he strung it and laid it carefully by him,  
Resting its end on the ground. Meanwhile his trusty retainers  
O'er him their shields did hold, that the warrior sons of Achaia  
Might not assail him first, ere Atreus' son should be smitten, 115  
Even the warlike chief Menelaüs. Then from his quiver  
Lifting the lid, he chose a shaft well-feathered, that never  
Yet from the bow had sped, fell source of dismal afflictions.  
Quickly upon the string the pointed arrow arranging,  
First to the son of Light—to Apollo, archer renownèd—  
Praying, he vowed that he would a noble hecatomb offer, 120  
Perfect, of firstling lambs, when his return were accomplished,  
When he should reach his home, the sacred city Zeleia.  
Next did he hold together the arrow-notch with the bow-string  
Fashioned of ox's sinew ; and back to his breast did he draw it,  
Whilst to the bow was brought the iron head of the arrow.  
When to a circle now the mighty bow he had bended,  
Sharply the horn did twang ; loud hummed the string ; and the arrow, 125  
Eager to pierce the crowd, leapt forth and flew on its errand.  
Yet did the blessèd gods forget not thee, Menelaüs ;  
Chiefest the driver of spoil, the child of Zeus, who, before thee  
Placing herself, staved off the piercing dart. From his body  
Lightly she turned aside its course, e'en as when a mother 130

1. 109. *Sixteen palms, i.e., about five feet each in length from root to top.*

Driveth away a fly from where her infant is sleeping.  
 So did Athenè now direct the flight of the arrow  
 Straight to the spot where joined were the golden clasps of the girdle,  
 Over the mailèd doublet : and full on the close-fitting girdle  
 Lighted the bitter shaft, and, its well-wrought surface dividing,  
 Onward was forced right through the doublet, cunningly fashioned, 135  
 Yea, and the taslet of mail he wore to shelter his body,  
 Even to stave off darts : and this served most to protect him.  
 Nathless, forward the shaft did press ; and, piercing the taslet,  
 Lightly it cut the flesh of the warrior. Straightway there issued  
 Forth from the riven gash a blood-stream dark as the storm-cloud. 140  
 As when a Lydian dame, or Carian, ivory staineth  
 Purple, to be for horses a cheek-piece : stored in the chamber  
 Long it remains though many a horseman craveth to wear it ;  
 Yet it abideth there to become the boast of a monarch,  
 Both to adorn his steeds, and to be the pride of their driver : 145  
 Such were the stains wherewith thy shapely thighs, Menelaüs,  
 Yea, and thy knees, and beneath them thy comely ankles were stainèd.  
 Shuddered anon at the sight the king of men Agamemnon,  
 When from the wound he beheld the dark blood issuing downward ;  
 Yea, Menelaüs himself, the warrior dear unto Ares, 150  
 Shuddered ; but when he marked the arrow's barbs and the lashing,<sup>2</sup>  
 Visible, clear of the wound, renewed was the spirit within him.  
 Then spake prince Agamemnon before them, heavily groaning,  
 Whilst Menelaüs' hand he held, and groaned his retainers :  
 "Brother of mine, well-loved ! Thy death, in swearing the treaty, 155  
 Surely did I decree, when thee in front of the battle  
 Placed I, to fight alone with the Trojans. Thee have they smitten,  
 Trampling beneath their feet our oaths of solemn agreement ;  
 Yet not vain is an oath, and the blood of lambs, and libations  
 Offered of unmixed wine, and right hands trustfully given.  
 Verily, though for the time his hand the Olympian stayeth, 160  
 Yet will he pay in full—though late—with mighty requital,  
 Vengeance upon their heads, their wives and children, exacting.  
 This do I know full well, and my mind and spirit divine it :  
 Surely a day will come for sacred Ilios' ruin,

2. 151. *The lashing, i.e.* by which the arrow-head was fastened on.

Even for Priam's fall, and the fall of the people of Priam 165  
 Famed for his ashen spear ; when Zeus on high who is thronèd,  
 Even the son of Cronos who in the firmament dwelleth,  
 O'er their devoted heads shall wave his shadowy ægis,  
 Angered at fraud so foul ! Yea, this shall see its fulfilment ;  
 Nathless, bitter will be my grief for thee, Menelaüs,  
 If thou shalt die, and so thy span of life be completed. 170  
 Covered with shame shall I unto thirsty Argos betake me,  
 Since the Achaians' thoughts will homeward quickly be turning ;  
 Whilst, for a boast unto Priam and all the Trojans, behind us  
 Leave we the Argive Helen ; and here thy bones are decaying,  
 Deep in the Trojan soil entombed, thy work unaccomplished. 175  
 Then his insulting speech some boastful Trojan shall utter,  
 Leaping upon the grave of the far-renowned Menelaüs :  
 'Would that in all his schemes of vengeance king Agamemnon  
 Even as now might fare, who hither the hosts of Achaia  
 Vainly did lead, and back to his native land with his galleys 180  
 Empty, returned ; but with him returned not brave Menelaüs.'  
 Thus when I hear them speak may the earth gape wide to receive me."—  
 Then with assuring words spake golden-haired Menelaüs :  
 "Take good heart, nor fill with alarm the Achaian people :  
 Not in a mortal wound is the keen shaft fixed : for its progress, 185  
 Checked by the glistening belt in front, and the kirtle beneath it,  
 Yea, and the taslet—wrought by the brass-smith's toil—was retarded."  
 Straightway to him made answer and spake the prince Agamemnon :  
 "Would that it thus might be, Menelaüs, brother beloved !  
 Now by a skilful leech shall the wound be tended, and o'er it 190  
 Drugs shall he lay to appease the dismal pains that afflict thee."  
 Such were his words, and straight he addressed the glorious herald :  
 "Go, Talthybius, now with utmost speed ; and Machaon,  
 Even the son of the peerless leech Asclepius, summon  
 Hither to tend Menelaüs, Achaia's warrior-captain. 195  
 Him hath a cunning archer of Troy or Lycia smitten,  
 Winning himself renown, whilst us with grief he hath covered."  
 Spake he, and straightway hearing his words, the herald obeyed him.  
 Passing amidst the host of the brazen-harnessed Achaians,  
 Carefully made he search, and found the hero Machaon 200  
 Standing ; and, gathered about him, the stalwart ranks of his spearmen,

Men that from Tricè came, from the land that pastureth horses.  
Near unto him he stood, as in wingèd words he addressed him :  
“Son of Asclepius, rise! For thee the prince Agamemnon  
Calleth to tend Menelaüs, Achaia’s warrior-captain. 205  
Him hath a cunning archer of Troy or Lycia smitten,  
Winning himself renown, whilst us with grief he hath covered.”  
Spake he, and straightway stirred in his breast the soul of Machaon.  
Then ’mid the crowded ranks of the wide-spread host of Achaia  
Went they, and reached the spot where golden-haired Menelaüs 210  
Stricken did lie, whilst round him the noblest chieftains were gathered.  
Into the midst came now the god-like hero, and straightway  
Forth from the solid girdle he drew the head of the arrow,  
And, as he wrenched it out, the keen barbs backward were bended.  
Loosed he the glistening girdle next, and the kirtle beneath it ; 215  
Loosed he the taslet too, that the brass-smith’s labour had fashioned,  
So to expose the spot that the piercing arrow had entered.  
Then from the wound he sucked the blood, and skilfully o’er it  
Laid he his soothing drugs, e’en such as Cheiron had given  
Unto his sire of old, for the kindly love that he bare him.  
Thus whilst busied were they—Menelaüs good at the war-cry 220  
Tending—with serried shields advanced the lines of the Trojans,  
And to their arms again the Achaians mindful of battle  
Gat them ; nor wouldst thou find the god-like chief Agamemnon  
Slumbering now, nor cowering as though he shrank from the combat :  
Rather with keen desire for the glorious strife was he burning. 225  
Left he with Eurymedon, Ptolemaius’ son, his attendant,—  
Grandson to Peiraieus,—his brass-decked car and his horses,  
Who, from the throng apart, the steeds impatiently snorting  
Held for his lord ; and straitly he charged him ready to keep them,  
E’en at his call, whene’er his limbs with toil should be weary 230  
Marshalling host so vast. And now, on foot, Agamemnon  
Gat him amidst the ranks of his fighting-men, and beside them  
Stood, and with words of cheer the fleet-horsed Danaans urged he  
On to the fight, yea all that he found preparing for battle :  
“Men of the Argive race, bate not your furious valour,  
Seeing that father Zeus to the false<sup>3</sup> will ne’er be a helper ! 235

3. 235. Reading ἐπὶ ψευδέσσι, from ψευδῆς.



Rather shall they who first transgressed the oaths of the treaty  
 Give to the kites their tender flesh, whilst we in our galleys  
 Carry away their wives and children, when we have captured  
 Ilios' fortress strong." But found he those that were backward— 240  
 Shrinking from hateful war—with wrathful words he addressed them :  
 " Are ye bereft of shame, ye Argives, pitiful brawlers ?  
 Why are ye standing dazed like hunted fawns, that are wearied  
 Scouring the boundless plain till all their courage is wasted ? 245  
 Like unto such ye stand astounded—heedless of battle.  
 Is it that now ye wait for the near approach of the Trojans  
 Even until they reach our galleys' sterns—that are stationed  
 Hard by the hoary sea in goodly line—to discover  
 Whether or no Cronion will raise his arm to protect you ?"  
 Thus, as a warrior-prince, he moved amongst his battalions, 250  
 Passing amidst the throng of men ; and first to the Cretans,  
 Arming around their warlike chief Idomeneus, came he.  
 Like to a fierce wild boar in his strength Idomeneus seemèd,  
 Ranging the foremost ranks ; and the rear Meriones ordered,  
 Urging them on to fight. And the king of men Agamemnon, 255  
 Glad at the sight, with words of praise Idomeneus greeted :  
 " Thee do I honour most of the fleet-horsed Danaan chieftains,  
 Whether for warlike deeds or peaceful projects assembled,  
 Or at the feast—what time the noblest lords of the Argives  
 Mingle the ruddy wine that none may quaff but the elders. 260  
 Then do the other chiefs of the long-haired men of Achaia  
 Drain their allotted cups, whilst thine stands ever replenished  
 Even as mine, to quaff whene'er thy spirit inclineth.  
 Now unto war bestir thee, and prove thy valour unfailing."  
 Then unto him replied Idomeneus, lord of the Cretans : 265  
 " Ever a faithful comrade and true unto thee, O Atreides,  
 I shall be found as when at the first I pledged my allegiance.  
 Wherefore the other chiefs of the long-haired men of Achaia  
 Haste to arouse, that so with least delay may the combat  
 Now be renewed ; for the Trojans have brought our oaths to confusion ;  
 Yea, and upon their heads shall death and sorrows hereafter 270  
 Fall, since they were the first to break the solemn agreement."  
 Spake he, and Atreus' son passed on, rejoicing in spirit.  
 Next, as amidst the throng he went, he found the Ajaces

Arming, and in their train a cloud of foot-men there followed.  
 As when, watching his goats from a lofty summit, a herdsman 275  
 Seeth a cloud approaching, across the sea that is driven  
 Urged by the strong west wind ; and to him, far off as he views it  
 Passing along the sea, it ever groweth in blackness,  
 Even as black as pitch ; and a mighty squall it up-raiseth.  
 He at the sight doth shudder ; and straightway, seeking for shelter,  
 Into a cave doth drive his flock : so now the battalions,  
 Dark with the serried ranks of warrior youths, Zeus-nurtured, 280  
 Marched with the twain Ajaces to join the furious combat.  
 Bristled with shields and spears their lines ; and prince Agamemnon,  
 Viewing their brave array, was glad, and thus to the chieftains  
 Uttered his wingèd words : “ No charge unto you, O Ajaces,  
 Have I to give, twain chiefs of the brass-clad host of the Argives ! 285  
 Need there is none to urge you ; for ye to strenuous battle  
 Promptly do rouse your men. O father Zeus and Athenè,  
 Witness, and thou Apollo ! If only such were the spirit  
 Firing the breasts of all, then soon the city of Priam 290  
 Unto our conquering hands would bow, both captured and pillaged ! ”  
 Spake he, and leaving these forthwith passed on in his progress,  
 Seeking the other chiefs. And now he came unto Nestor,  
 Chief of the Pylian tribes, their clear-voiced speaker, and found him  
 Ranging his own retainers, and zeal for battle inciting.  
 Gathered were they about their several leaders—Alastor, 295  
 Haimon of princely sway, and Pelagon mighty of stature,  
 Bias, the people’s shepherd, and Chromius. Nestor, his horsemen  
 First in the line of battle, with steeds and chariots, stationed ;  
 Whilst in the rear he marshalled his foot, both many and valiant,  
 Forming a sturdy bulwark to bear the shock of the onset.  
 Then to the space between them he drave the cowardly rabble,  
 So that they needs must fight, howe’er they shrank from the combat. 300  
 Unto the horsemen now he gave his orders, and bade them  
 Hold their horses in hand, nor ’ midst the throng be entangled :  
 “ Neither alone let any advance in front of his comrades  
 Eager to fight the Trojans—to skill in horsemanship trusting,  
 Or to his manhood’s strength—nor yet retire from the others ;  
 So would ye lose in power ; but when a man may be able, 305  
 Forth from his chariot reaching, to strike the car of a foeman,

Let him his thrust deliver ; for so success is the surer.  
 Thus did the men of old lay waste both city and fortress,  
 Keeping within their breasts this steadfast counsel and spirit.”  
 Such were the old man’s words as he urged his people to battle, 310  
 Skilled in the wars of yore : and glad was prince Agamemnon  
 Seeing his zeal ; and thus in wingèd words he addressed him :  
 “ Would that thy limbs, old man, could obey the spirit that lodgeth  
 Ever within thy breast—thy strength unabated remaining !  
 Would that the common lot of wearing age on another, 315  
 Rather than thee, had fallen, and thou could’st ever be youthful !”  
 Then unto him replied steed-famed Gerenian Nestor :  
 “ Yea, right gladly would I myself be younger, Atreides,  
 Even as once I was what time I vanquished in battle  
 Noble Ereuthalion ; but the gods their blessings bestow not  
 All at the self-same time in the lives of men that are mortal. 320  
 Then was the time of my youth, but now old age doth beset me :  
 Yet will I take my place amidst the ranks of the horsemen,  
 Giving command and counsel ; for such the right that belongeth  
 Unto the old, whilst they that are still in the prime of their manhood  
 Wield in the fight their spears, on youthful vigour reliant.” 325  
 Spake he, and Atreus’ son passed on, rejoicing in spirit.  
 Next unto Peteos’ son, Menestheus, driver of horses,  
 Came he, and found him standing with Athens’ warriors near him,  
 Keen for the battle-shout. Hard by was subtle Odysseus,  
 Whilst at his side were ranged the Cephallenian squadrons, 330  
 Sturdy and brave ; but these were standing still ; for the war-cry  
 Unto their ears as yet had come not, since the battalions,  
 Gathered on either side, were only now to the onset  
 Moving ; and these did wait till some Achaian column,  
 Other than theirs, advanced to renew the fray with the Trojans. 335  
 Seeing the chieftains there, the king of men Agamemnon  
 Spake in rebuking tone, as in wingèd words he addressed them :  
 “ Ho there, Peteos’ son, from a king Zeus-nurtured descended !  
 Thou too, famous for evil wiles, and crafty of nature !  
 Why do ye skulk aloof, the advance of others awaiting ? 340  
 Ye are the two it behoveth to take your stand with the foremost,  
 Fronting the fiery battle ; for ye are first to be summoned  
 When the Achaian host doth make a feast to the elders :

Then are ye fain to eat of the roasted flesh, and the goblets 345  
 Brimming with luscious wine to quaff whilst so ye are minded.  
 Now would ye fain look on though ten Achaian columns  
 Fought in the van before you, and plied their pitiless weapons."  
 Then with a scowl made answer Odysseus of many devices :  
 " What is the speech that now hath passed thy lips, O Atreides, 350  
 Breaking the guard thy teeth should keep ; or wherefore averr'st thou  
 Us to be slack in war ? When once again the Achaians,  
 Charging the steed-famed Trojans, arouse the furious combat,  
 Then, if thou care'st to look, thou shalt see Telemachus' father  
 Fighting the Trojan foe, and aye in front of the battle.  
 Verily empty as air are all the words thou hast uttered." 355  
 Then, with a smiling look, made answer prince Agamemnon  
 When he perceived his wrath, and withdrew the words he had uttered :  
 " Heaven-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many devices,  
 Neither do I o'er-much reproach nor greatly exhort thee,  
 Knowing the kindly bent of thy inmost spirit, that ever 360  
 Moves in accord with mine ; but now go to, and hereafter  
 Fairly will we redress it, if aught of ill hath been spoken ;  
 Yea, and whate'er it be, may the gods vouchsafe to annul it."  
 Spake he, and left them there ; and, passing on in his progress,  
 Found Diomedes next, the high-souled offspring of Tydeus, 365  
 Hard by his well-built car and his steeds he stood, and beside him  
 Sthenelus, Capaneus' son : and, seeing him, prince Agamemnon  
 Spake in reproachful tone as in winged words he addressed him :  
 " Ah me ! Son of the tamer of steeds—the warrior Tydeus— 370  
 Why art thou shrinking thus, between the vistas of battle  
 Gazing ? It was not Tydeus' wont to shrink from the onset ;  
 Rather would he advance and, far in front of his comrades,  
 Fight with the foe,—so say the men who erst did behold him  
 Bearing the brunt of war ; for I ne'er met with the hero,  
 Nor did I ever see him,—but he pre-eminent standeth 375  
 Far above all in fame. He once, a guest to Mycenæ  
 Came, on a peaceful errand ; and with him came Polyneices  
 Match for the gods, to raise a host to lead into battle,  
 Even against the sacred walls of Thebes. Their entreaty  
 Strongly they urged for brave allies ; and the men of Mycenæ  
 Readily gave assent, and were fain to lend them assistance 380

But for the adverse omen of Zeus that hindered their purpose.  
 When they had gone from thence and were far advanced on their journey,  
 E'en to the rush-clad banks of Asopos, bedded in herbage,  
 Then was appointed Tydeus to be the Achaians' envoy.  
 Forth on his mission went he, and found the chiefs of the Thebans, 385  
 Many in number, gathered as guests of king Eteocles,  
 Feasting within his palace. And there, alone and a stranger,  
 One amidst many Thebans, the steed-famed warrior Tydeus  
 Nathless feared not at all, but called them forth unto contests ;  
 Yea, and in every bout was an easy victor—Athenè  
 Giving him puissant aid whene'er her succour he needed. 390  
 Angered at their defeat the Thebans, furious drivers,  
 Laid for him homeward wending an ambush strong, that of fifty—  
 Even the flower of their youth—was formed, and twain were the leaders ;  
 One was the god-like Maion, the son of Haimon, and with him  
 Went there Autophonus' son, Polyphontes, battle-enduring. 395  
 Yet e'en these did Tydeus o'erthrow with hideous ruin,  
 Slaying them all save one, the chieftain Maion ; for homeward  
 Him on his way he sent, the gods' high portents obeying.  
 Such was Ætolian Tydeus : but he a son hath begotten  
 Worse than his sire in fight, albeit in speech he excelleth." 400  
 Spake he, but nought replied the stalwart chief Diomedes,  
 Holding in loyal awe the rebuke the monarch had uttered.  
 Nathless promptly the son of the glorious Capaneus answered :  
 " Why dost thou falsely speak, well knowing the truth, O Atreides ?  
 Verily we do claim to be better men than our fathers : 405  
 We by the aid of Zeus, and obeying the heavenly omens,  
 Captured the city of Thebes, the seven-gated,—against it  
 Leading a smaller host to assail the fortress of Ares.  
 They by their impious deeds did perish. Wherefore I pray thee  
 Ne'er, in the ranks of honour, to place our fathers beside us." 410  
 Frowning upon him spake the stalwart chief Diomedes :  
 " Sit thee down, good father ; obey my words and be silent.  
 Nought do I blame Agamemnon, the people's shepherd, for urging  
 Onward to join the fray the well-greaved men of Achaia.  
 His the renown will be, in sooth, if haply the Argives 415  
 Vanquish their Trojan foes, and sacred Ilios capture ;  
 Whilst, if vanquished should be the Argives, then will the sorrow

Heavily fall on him. But be it ours to bestir us  
 Now forthwith, and to set our minds on furious valour."

Spake he, and down from his chariot leapt, arrayed in his armour ;  
 And, as the chieftain moved, the brazen mail of his breast-plate 420  
 Rang with a sound so dire that the bravest, hearing, would tremble.

As on the sounding shore some surging billow of ocean,  
 Urged by the strong west wind, in serried grandeur advanceth :  
 First doth it gather might far out at sea ; but approaching  
 Soon, on the strand it breaketh with mighty roar ; and, divided, 425  
 Curlth amid the rocks in crested pride, from its summits  
 Flinging the salt sea-foam : so now the Danaan columns  
 Moving in close array, incessant marched to the onset.<sup>4</sup>  
 Each of the chieftains ordered his own battalion ; but ever  
 Silent the men did march ; nay, voiceless would'st thou have deemèd 430  
 Every breast to be in the mighty throng, that in silence,  
 Awed by their leaders, moved ; while flashed the glittering harness,  
 Girt upon each man's breast, as the armèd lines were advancing.  
 Meanwhile, like unto sheep in a rich man's yard that are standing  
 Numberless, whilst is drawn the good white milk from their udders,  
 Hearing the cry of their lambs, with ceaseless bleating they answer ; 435  
 Such was the clamour heard throughout the host of the Trojans,  
 Since of a diverse voice and tongue were they ; and their language  
 Formed a confused jargon, the speech of many a nation.  
 Urged to the fight were the Trojans by Ares, whilst the Achaians  
 Grey-eyed Athenè roused ; and Fear and Panic were ever 440  
 Present : and Strife, the sister and friend of man-slaying Ares,  
 Raged with unceasing fury. At first her crest she uplifteth,  
 Small to behold ; but soon with her head she reacheth the heavens,  
 Whilst with her feet she treads the earth. So now 'mid the turmoil  
 Strode she along, inspiring with equal hatred and discord  
 Each of the rival hosts, the groans and slaughter increasing. 445  
 Now, when both of the hosts were come together, the combat  
 Joined they at once with targe and spear, and fury of focmen

4. 428. The advance of the Danaans being compared, in this splendid simile, to *one* long unbroken wave (*κύμα ἐπασσόμερον*) rolling in from the sea, and not to a *succession* of waves (as it has been sometimes rendered), it would seem [that the columns were ranged in one long solid line (*ἐπασσόμεραι φάλαγγες*) and so advanced until they broke upon the foe.

Clad in their brazen mail; and bossy shields on each other  
 Pressed as the warriors charged, whilst rose tumultuous uproar.  
 Then were there heard commingled the cries of pain and of triumph, 450  
 Even of dying men and of them that slew; and around them  
 Earth ran red with blood. As when two streams from the mountains,  
 Swollen with winter rains, unite the flood of their waters  
 Poured from exhaustless springs: through hollow chasm the torrent  
 Speeds; and afar in the mountains the shepherd heareth its roaring: 455  
 So, as the warriors met, the shouts and the wailing resounded.  
 First Antilochus slew a plumèd chief of the Trojans,  
 Valiant amidst the foremost, Thalýsius' son, Echeplus;  
 Him was he first to smite on the ridge of his crested helmet,  
 Into the forehead driving the brazen point, that it pierced 460  
 Even the very bone: and amid the shock of the battle  
 Like to a tower he fell, and his eyes were shrouded in darkness.  
 Him, as he prostrate lay, Chalcodon's son Elephenor—  
 Even the warrior-chief who led the valiant Abantes—  
 Seized by the feet, and forth from beneath the shower of weapons 465  
 Dragged him, intent with haste to strip the slain of his armour.  
 Yet was his effort brief; for him the noble Agenor  
 Saw, as he dragged the corpse; and his side—now clear of his buckler  
 Whilst to the ground he stooped—with brass-tipped javelin wounded,  
 So that his knees were loosed, and the life went forth from his body. 470  
 Then did the fray wax hot, and Trojans fought with Achaians  
 Over the warrior's corpse; yea, like unto wolves in encounter,  
 Sprang they at one another, and hero struggled with hero.  
 Next was Anthemion's son by Telamonian Ajax  
 Smitten;—a lusty youth was he, whom whilom his mother  
 Bore upon Simois' banks, as down from Ida she wended, 475  
 Following thence her parents to view their flocks. Simoisius  
 Thus was he named: yet lived he not to make the requital  
 Due to his parents' love; for short was the span of his being,  
 Falling beneath the spear of the high-souled warrior Ajax.  
 Full on the right of the breast he smote him, whilst to the onset 480  
 Leading the van he charged; and the brazen point of the javelin  
 Entering made its way right through the shoulder; and earthward  
 Prone in the dust he fell. Like poplar grown in a hollow,  
 E'en in a wide-spread fen,—all bare of branches that groweth

Save at the top,—now, felled by the gleaming axe of the wheelwright, 485  
 Soon for the rim of a wheel for a goodly car to be bended,  
 Drying beside the stream it lies: e'en so Simoisius,  
 Son of Anthemion lay, by Ajax heaven-descended  
 Reft of his life. And anon, from amidst the throng of the Trojans  
 Antiphus, Priam's son, of the glancing corslet, at Ajax 490  
 Aimed with his pointed spear; but missed his aim, and the weapon  
 Entered the groin of Leucus, Odysseus' valiant companion,  
 Whilst to the Argive ranks he dragged the corpse; and upon it  
 Straightway he fell, and, loosed from his grasp, it dropped. But Odysseus  
 Sorely incensed at heart for his comrade's death, to the fore-front  
 Strode, in his gleaming mail arrayed; and closer approaching 495  
 Stood, and around him glanced,—then hurled his glittering javelin.  
 Backward the Trojans shrank as forth the warrior launched it;  
 Nor did he hurl in vain, but smote the offspring of Priam,  
 Even his bastard son Democoön, who from Abydos  
 Came unto him from tending his high-bred mares. On the temple 500  
 Him did Odysseus smite with the spear, enraged for his comrade;  
 Yea, and the brazen point through both his temples was driven:  
 Veiled were his eyes with darkness as down he crashed; and his armour  
 Clanged o'er the fallen chief. And now the van of the Trojans,  
 Yea, and the noble Hector, did yield their ground; and the Argives 505  
 Shouted aloud, and towards them dragged the corpses, and onward  
 Further advanced. And sorely enraged at heart was Apollo,  
 Watching from Pergamos' heights, and aloud he cried to the Trojans:  
 "Steed-famed Trojans, arise and bestir you, nor to the Argives  
 Yield in the battle-shock! For not of stone or of iron 510  
 Formed is their flesh to resist the piercing weapons that strike them:  
 Far from the fray is Achilles, the son of the bright-haired Thetis,  
 Biding beside his ships, and nursing grievous resentment."  
 Thus did the terrible god from the lofty citadel urge them,  
 Whilst 'mid the Argive host did pass the glorious goddess,  
 Daughter of Zeus, the Triton-born, where-e'er she beheld them 515  
 Yielding; and through their ranks she moved, to battle inciting.  
 Next was Diores stayed, 'by Fates' dread fetters enthralled,  
 E'en Amarynceus' son, on the right leg, near to the ankle,  
 Struck by a jagged stone, wherewith the Thracian leader  
 Peiroüs Imbracides, who had his dwelling in Ainos, 520



Smote him. The cruel stone laid bare the flesh from the tendons,  
 Down to the very bone ; and with hands out-stretched to his comrades  
 Backward he fell, and lay in the dust, whilst forth from his body,  
 Gasping, his life he breathed. Then straightway Peiroüs forward 525  
 Rushed, and his navel pierced with the spear,—e'en he who had struck him  
 First,—and his entrails forth on the ground were scattered, and darkness  
 Covered his eyes. And now, to the Trojan ranks as he hastened,  
 Peiroüs wounded fell, by the spear of Ætolian Thoas  
 Stricken above the breast ; and the brazen point of the javelin  
 Pierced to his lungs. Then Thoas, approaching close to his foeman, 530  
 Plucked from his breast the ponderous spear ; and, forth from its scabbard  
 Drawing his keen-edged sword, he cleft his belly asunder,  
 Quenching the sparks of life ; nathless his armour he took not,  
 Since there were standing round him his high-crowned<sup>5</sup> Thracian comrades  
 Wielding their lengthy spears, wherewith they stayed his advancing,  
 Tall though he was and strong, and of haughty spirit ; and backward  
 Borne by the battle-shock, he reeled. Thus falling, together 535  
 Both in the dust were stretched—the Thracians' captain, and, near him,  
 He that had led to the war the brazen-harnessed Epeians.  
 Yea, and around them slain there lay full many a chieftain.

Not any longer now would a man make light of the carnage,  
 Could he but roam unscathed of the spear and the keen-edged falchion, 540  
 Guided amidst the fray, and kept by Pallas Athenè,  
 Holding his hand, secure from the hurtling rush of the missiles.  
 For, of a truth, that day o'erthrown were numberless heroes,  
 Side by side in the dust laid low, Achaians and Trojans.

5. 533. *High-crowned, i.e., wearing their hair in a top-knot.*





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